THE

ENGLISH

REVIEW

APRIL 1926

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Conservative Ideals

MANY pens have lately concerned themselves with the relation between the ideal and the practical, between the action of a man who directs his course towards the gleam of a distant hope which he can hardly expect to realise and of another more practical person who strives only for objects immediately attainable. In the disquisitions on this subject, one point of some considerable importance seems to have been—we will not say omitted, but suffered to fall very much into the background. The discussion has had regard to the respective merits of the real and of the ideal. But surely in each case the most vital question is whether a particular ideal is sound.

How, then, shall we know the virtue of an ideal, how shall we measure its quality, and decide on its truth? Only by judgment of its worth and by experience of its effects. To accept it merely because its aim is high, or because those who hold it are unselfish enthusiasts, profoundly convinced of its value, is to forego the rights of reason and, if may be, the applications of history. The ideal of one side may be, of course, the direct antithesis of the ideal of the other. What, for instance, could be more sharply opposed than the principle of authority represented by the Roman Church and the principle of private judgment, of eclecticism, of the exercise of choice, represented in Western Christendom roughly and often involuntarily all the way down the centuries by heretics? When, in the Middle Ages, a pious heretic was being roasted alive by an equally pious inquisitor, clearly you had two warring ideals. Which was the sounder? Probably most of us nowadays would prefer the ideas of the heretic, but that preference may itself be caused largely by the environment, the atmosphere, surrounding us, by the drift of thought in our time, and by a kind of traditional, though rapidly waning, revolt in this country against any sort of tyranny. At any rate, in the times to which we refer there was an immense and, in most of the states of Europe, a predominant body of opinion in favour of the inquisitor. To

determine, then, between the two principles is not quite so simple an affair as it looks. We must glance down the pages of history, we must compare the progress of nations which accepted the principle of authority in matters of faith and religion with that of nations which rejected it, if we wish to arrive at any finding worthy of respect.

We have picked out for comment this special and supremely important controversy which played so great a part in the days that are gone, because, strange to say, it has re-emerged from the past and has become, though in another shape, the dominant issue of our own age. The difference is merely in regard to the force which now seeks to destroy individual liberty. In former times that force consisted of the Church and the State, then closely and, as it seemed, indissolubly united. Now it is the State alone.

A Socialist Government is in office, pledged to the service of Socialist ideals, and certain to endeavour to fulfil them so soon as it acquires the power which, at the moment, it does not possess. Now the ideal of Socialism is nationalisation of all industries, which necessarily involves industrial conscription. The State will then have the right, and, indeed, the imperative duty, to assign each man and woman to the work which it selects for him or her. Moreover, in a nationalised, Socialist State would Socialists contemplate the admissibility of strikes? Their ideal is absolute equality and, to attain that, equality of payment is essential. If all the fruits of production were to be equally divided, clearly a strike on the part of a particular section of industry would be equivalent to a demand that all the other sections should receive less. Therefore collective bargaining in any shape or form would have to end.

Again, since the ideal is that all industrial undertakings should be absorbed by the State, the business of publishing newspapers and books would naturally be included. Would the authorities then allow to be printed any attacks on Socialism, or diatribes against the justice or the purity of Socialist administration? That such permission would be granted seems in the highest degree improbable. But, if not, political liberty would come entirely to an end. Unless on the platform, all utterance of political opinion would be impossible, and is it likely

that in such circumstances the right of free meeting could long be maintained? The entire Press would be a State monopoly, run by State officials. No writing of any kind, whether an essay on the binomial theorem, or a novel, or a play, could be given to the world without their sanction. This is not a very cheerful prospect, and in solid fact the condition of a Socialised country, after nationalisation had been made complete, would be indistinguishable from the most abject slavery. Thought would be fettered. Officialdom would be supreme. No man would be able to determine the course of his life.

But of all the crippling disabilities, the grievous drawbacks, of a Socialised State, the worst—because the most pregnant of evil—would be this: that men of superior ability and superior energy would have no incentive to use their gifts. Yet those are the men who make a nation prosperous and great. If it be objected that this is a vision of the future unlikely to be immediately realised, we answer that the change requisite to bring these things about is less than the changes already wrought. Thirty years, or twenty years ago, no Conservative would have believed in the possibility of such a change in public opinion as that which has made the present Government an existing fact. Yet the silent revolution has taken place, and other movements, far more ominous, are stirring in the proletarian depths.

For our own part we do not believe that a Socialist system could endure long in Britain, for the reason that its first effects would be to kill our export trade through an enormous rise in cost of production due to incompetent management and surrender to popular demands. As the cessation of our exports would involve that of our imports also, our people would inevitably die in millions of starvation, probably amidst scenes of violence and rapine transcending imagination.

In view of these very real dangers, that which should become the ideal of Conservatism appears to us very plain. It is a great ideal and a noble one. It is the championship of individual liberty, and of the free development of the individual soul. Let Conservatism say to the people of Great Britain: "We stand for the claims of each one of you. We stand for your right to profit by the

results of your own energy and your own brains. We stand as the foes of Socialist tyranny and as the assertors of individual freedom." We have a theme here supplying matter for infinite exposition. The ablest pens in England should be enlisted in the service of the Conservative Party, and should be employed to enlarge upon the immense ramifications of Socialist doctrine. Few, for instance, seem to recognise that the abolition of private capital, which is Socialism's central economic dogma, probably entails the necessity also of abolishing the institution of marriage, or is at least in a high degree adverse to it, since, except, as in Russia, through coercion by extreme violence, large numbers of married persons would never consent to be deprived of the right to benefit their children by the proceeds of their work and of their thrift. It may, of course, be answered that in a Socialist State no one would really want to work, far less to save; but this reply assumes that the opposition of the married to the creation of such a State has been already overcome.

We have already urged that experience of the effects produced by an ideal should be a chief means of gauging its correctness. Conservatives have such experience supplied to them in the case of Russia. The Communist ideal, which was there forcibly applied, is the absolute despotism of a tiny oligarchy over an entirely enslaved population, coupled with the nationalisation of every industry, and the expropriation of all private capital —in other words, coupled with the Socialist system. The results of this ideal have certainly been remarkable. An immense portion of the population of Russia, estimated at something between twenty and thirty millions, have died of hunger. Petrograd is a ruin. In the towns roam hordes of totally demoralised children suffering from terrible disease, and, of course, dying like flies. Our Socialists, not knowing how otherwise to deal with these facts, have recourse to simple denial of all the evidence. No matter who may be the witness, if his evidence be prejudicial to their theories, it is false. He is a hired parasite of the capitalist class, and naturally a liar.

One point, however, not even a Socialist can controvert, and that is the circumstance that the conduct of

industry without the aid of the private capitalist has been found impossible. Desperate efforts have now for some time been made to induce that loathly animal to come to the rescue of the madmen who were for long engaged in the slaughter of his kind. Capital is in its origin always the result of saving, and that expropriated capital would very soon be spent and would be irreplaceable from any internal source in a Socialist State has always been foreseen by men of sense. To a cynic, indeed, nothing could well seem more farcical than the spectacle of Socialism engaged in denouncing capital and the private capitalist, and the same Socialism, a little later, urgently entreating the hated one to return. Capitalism, like all other human institutions, may have great drawbacks, but it does at all events keep nations alive. Socialism kills them by starvation.

We think that in the open and bold presentment of facts like these, now proved by the gigantic and terrible evidence of Russia, Conservatives would at once deliver a message of incalculable value to this nation and win the gratitude of all the best elements in it. Nor need they confine themselves even to the great and vital points which we have mentioned. As they stand for the individual, so do they stand for the family, and as they stand for the family, so do they stand for the nationality which has arisen from it, and for the Empire which the sons and daughters of our race have upreared. On no political organisation in our history has been laid a task so great and so proud as that which now rests upon the Conservative Party. All depends on it. If it fail—and let us pray to heaven that it may not fail—then all falls: all is lost; liberty perishes; the Empire dissolves like a dream. The helpless multitudes of Socialist dupes must die in our streets from want of bread. But if the Conservatives rally to the call, if they work with heart and soul for the salvation of the land they love, they will save it yet, and in saving it preserve civilisation itself from the dark fate which seems to menace it.

But let there be no more half measures, no more partial dallyings with Socialist ideas. Let Socialism be held up to universal execration and denounced as what it really is —the present curse of all mankind.

Current Comments

The New "Christianity"

It is impossible to avoid a disturbing dread that the English character, for so long properly compared with English oak, is undergoing a subtle change. We have recently had the spectacle of the Prime Minister and one ex-Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, delivering themselves of pseudo-Christian orations, couched in terms of canting moral superiority designed to dope the sympathies and catch the votes of the great mass of maudlin sentimentalists.

There is hardly a village in the country where, under the ægis of the Industrial Christian Fellowship or the Brotherhood, the outrageous claim is not made weekly, with an almost unchallenged arrogance, that Socialism is the only true form of Christianity.

One of the cardinal items in the programme of these "Christian" political reformers has been the unconditional recognition of the unspeakable scoundrels who have ruined Russia. These alien Sadists have not only brutally murdered thousands of ministers of religion, but even prohibit its teaching in the schools, and have converted many of the churches into stores, cinemas, dance halls and Communistic clubs. The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Petrograd and twelve other Church dignitaries are now imprisoned without trial, and some of them are reported to be dying.

The Pope has addressed an appeal to our "Christian" Prime Minister to use his influence with his friends the Soviet Government to obtain their release. In answer to a question by Lt.-Col. Howard-Bury, M.P., Mr. MacDonald could find nothing better to say than that "although it is not a matter in which His Majesty's Government can intervene officially, *any suitable opportunity that may occur of making friendly and unofficial representations* to the Soviet Government on the subject will be taken."

Time was when such an answer in the English Parliament would have driven the speaker out of public life for

ever. But that time has passed, and a large proportion of our ministers of religion, including most of the Bishops, affect to regard Mr. MacDonald's accession to the Premiership as almost the coming of a new Messiah.

The Irish Free State

It is perhaps not surprising that a large part of the British Press, having entirely misled the public as to the progress of events in Ireland, should now practically ignore that wretched country altogether. In December last we published an article, " The Tragedy of Ireland," which appears to have touched the scribes of the Free State Press on the raw, since we observe that they constantly charge us with violent prejudice against their national, or republican, aspirations. If it be mere prejudice to believe that a Government which cannot protect life and property, dispense justice, and maintain order; which fails to meet its honourable obligations in the matter of compensation for loss of life and destruction of property; which does not balance its Budget, and which has heavy pecuniary liabilities largely exceeding any sum it is likely to be able to borrow, is doomed within a measurable period to suffer the fate which awaits all human beings or institutions in a similarly unsound and discreditable position—then we plead guilty to prejudice. But these are not all our grounds for doubt as to the stability of the Free State. Most of the best elements in the country have left, or are leaving, it. Trade and industries are in a deplorable condition. Confidence, the basis of credit, has vanished. The Government have carefully excluded from their councils all but a very small minority of the few men who, tied to the country by their stakes in its commerce and industries, would command respect. Murders, terrorism, and looting are rife, although as little reported in the British Press as if they took place in Russia.

The only national aspiration which shows any vitality is for complete republican independence.

This is as certain as that English Socialists have only postponed their demands for a Capital Levy, nationalisation of industries, and the rest of their known programme until a more convenient date. The time has passed when rebel Ireland can expect to be judged by the rhetorical

effusions of her frothy orators. Deeds alone will serve to disprove the justice of our indictment.

Facts about "Disarmament"

THE declared policy of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is to secure general agreement to disarm, and afterwards to trust the preservation of peace to the League of Nations. We urgently recommend him to read the first number of *The Fighting Forces*, a new quarterly magazine for the Navy, Army, and Air Force. In it General Fonville, one of the highest of French authorities, says:—"Germany has not disarmed. She eludes disarmament just as she eludes reparations. She has been able to laugh at all these limitations and prohibitions [of the Treaty of Versailles]. She has duplicated her regular army, the *Reichswehr*, by a military police of 150,000 men. This *Schutzpolizei* is composed chiefly of ex-officers and non-commissioned officers from the Imperial Army. It is quartered in barracks and does military training. It is a nursery of cadres. Similar, too, is the *Reichswehr*. A system of mobilisation is arranged by which the cadres can be filled up at any moment. It is camouflaged under all sorts of disguises. The whole is under a Great General Staff, which has been re-formed." Another high authority, Colonel Reboul, states that Germany has now a mobilisable army of four million men.

Why Trust Germany?

Now what we should greatly like would be to extract an answer from the Prime Minister to the following question: "Why do you think that you could trust to a fresh pledge from Germany to disarm, in view of the fact that she made a similar promise in the Treaty and has been systematically violating her undertakings ever since?" Evidently, since Germany has not disarmed, and displays an absolutely contrary intention, General Fonville is right in saying: "France would be mad if, in face of such danger, she did not busy herself with the question of her safety before all else." Here, then, we have the two principal protagonists on the continent of Europe, Germany and France, both resolutely adverse to decrease of armaments, the first by reason of a savage hope of armed revenge, the second from the

elementary motive of self-preservation. To these we have to add Russia, or "the Union of Soviet Republics," or whatever else they call themselves—"the Murderers' Union" would be a good title, and short. That union has the one virtue of fundamental candour. It has made known in advance its perfect contempt for the disarmament proposals and its fixed resolve to have nothing to do with such a suggestion.

Can Poland Disarm?

But with an armed Russia on one side of it and an armed Germany on the other, could Poland indulge in the luxury of stripping itself of defence? Would Mr. Ramsay MacDonald himself take the responsibility of advising that course? If not, what chance does he think that his policy has of success? Without exploring further the abounding perils of Eastern Europe we find disarmament entirely out of the question in the cases of Russia, Poland, France and Germany. Is it not perfectly clear that, in the present state of mankind, the vision of laying aside the panoply of war is a dream and nothing else? The world facts leading to this conclusion are so undeniable that we might expect even the most optimistic pacifists, the strongest advocates of the League of Nations, to admit its justice. That the existing situation is fraught with most terrible danger to civilisation in general and to England in particular is indisputably true, but since disarmament is impossible (as just shown), what is the use of talking about it as a remedy? If Mr. Ramsay MacDonald wants to make his policy practical, he has exactly two things to do, namely, to change the nature, first, of Germans, and, secondly, of "the Murderers' Union." Until Germany and, above all, her officer class and her National Party—which are the principal factors—shall abandon her fixed intention to avenge herself for her recent defeat, and until the ruffians controlling Russia are overthrown, all pacifism is mere wind so far as practical possibility is concerned.

The Navy League's Manifesto

We welcome greatly the Navy League's return to the path of duty as displayed in the manifesto which we reproduce in the first pages of this number. Would that the League had made similar effort at the time of the fatal conference at Washing-

ton, when our heritage of naval supremacy—the noblest bequest of the past—was fooled away by Mr. Lloyd George and the Coalition Government. Then perhaps public opinion might have been roused, before it was too late, to the appalling folly of what was contemplated and we should not since have been "setting an example" to the rest of the world of blindfold idiocy by scrapping more than half the Fleet on which our population depends for its food supply in war. We are now in actual fact only the second naval power, and whenever the huge congeries of alien populations, constituting the bulk of the inhabitants of the United States, may become inflamed against us through German, or Irish, or other instigation, they will be able, if they so will, to cut the trade routes and thus starve us into abject surrender. What is the use of shutting our eyes to facts?

Existence on Sufferance

We see now the sequel to this folly. It is officially admitted in the House of Commons that our fighting strength in the air stands to that of France in the proportion of one to ten, which means that this nation now exists and retains a semblance of freedom simply on sufferance. Meanwhile almost all the firms engaged in the air business have been allowed to go out of it. Whereas if we had given, say, two-thirds of the money voted for aerial defence to the support of civil aviation, we might probably have been by this time the greatest potential air power in the world, we are in regard to commercial flying, as in regard to military, one of the most backward and undeveloped. The more the situation is considered, the plainer becomes this country's need to seek commercial rather than military progress in the air. On the military side we can never hope to rival France, which has conscription, while we have not. Indeed, one of the arguments now most commonly used in favour of our continuance in our present position of abject helplessness is the impossibility of our ever catching the French up. Militarily that impossibility certainly appears to exist, but in the other direction we might yet attain national salvation. The moment that the imagination of the average motorist is touched with the possibilities of aerial locomotion, the air will tend to

become the common highway, and every private or commercial aeroplane will be a potential weapon of war.

French Strength Our Protection

In speaking of our vast inferiority to France in air power we do not for a moment contemplate the likelihood of any attack upon us by the French either now or in the near future. The remembrance of the Great War is too vivid, the menace of renewed German aggression is too great, to render such fratricidal action probable. The very suspicion of such intention is injurious to them and ignominious for us. We merely refer to French superiority as affording the most striking and instructive comparison which can be found. As a matter of fact, indeed, the air strength of France should rather be viewed from the opposite standpoint, namely, as our sole protection against the great air force of which Germany, in spite of the provisions under this head of the Treaty of Versailles, is believed to command the services. That she is still planning in her felon mind the means of exterminating her hated opponents by the invention of new poison gas of a deadliness hitherto unapproached is conclusively proved by the episode of the seven German chemists who were killed the other day by the manufacture of their own murderous device.

India

The enormous though, as we would fain hope, not irreparable blunder made by Mr. Lloyd George and the Coalition Government in conceding representative institutions and large governing powers to what—in comparison with the vast dumb masses—was but a handful of native politicians and agitators is becoming more evident every day. "The general result is naturally a great increase of corruption, oppression, intimidation, insecurity and crime." Instead of welcoming the advances made to them, instead of displaying an earnest desire to co-operate, the Swarajists are doing their utmost to make government impossible. Let anyone who wishes to read a truly able survey of the situation from the pen of a real expert refer to the article by Sir Michael O'Dwyer in the March number of the *Fortnightly Review*.

The only genuine remedy is never named, yet it stares us in the face. It is to rescind the Government of India Act of 1919, and to withdraw the "reforms." The immense difficulty, here at home, in the way of applying this, the only sound policy, is the measure of the folly of those who introduced that Act.

Coal

We are happy to publish this month an illuminating article on Coal Economics by Mr. Ellis Barker. An important section of the Press is doing a disservice by somewhat frantic adjurations to everybody to settle the threatened strike at once, based upon the incorrect and unfair assumption that, as there is probably equal wrong on both sides, a little mutual accommodation should be easy. The further fallacy is furiously urged, namely, that the rise in the price of house coal is unconscionable "profiteering," whatever that may be. The plain fact is that as long as coal or any other commodity is produced and distributed by private enterprise prices will and must react very quickly and sensitively to the law of supply and demand. This is not only inevitable, but it is clearly in the interest of the consumer, as well as of the producer and distributor.

The latter have to face periods of depression and loss quite as often as periods of "boom." The one must be set against the other, and both conditions tend rapidly to normalise the market either by stimulating or reducing production. Undoubtedly, merchants who have taken the risk of contracting ahead are now making rather more than ordinary profits, but these are probably not more than will recoup them for subsequent absence of supplies in the event of a strike or the slumped prices which would result from the prevention of a stoppage. A long warm summer may often make it difficult to realise any profit at all on the handling of house coal. Conversely, when demand is brisk, supplies are often short. If the unreasonable profits alleged by some of the amateur critics in the Press were not balanced by periods of abnormally small profits and actual losses, obviously coal merchanting would provide a sure short cut to fortune. There is, in fact, no evidence whatever that it yields any higher profits than

are commensurate with the work and risk involved, or than are usual in other industries.

It is quite certain, on the other hand, that were the present highly efficient system of private enterprise to be superseded by any form of bureaucratic control, not only would the legitimate profits now earned entirely disappear, but the public would have to pay far more dearly for an incomparably less efficient service.

A Neglected Remedy

ALL who have cellar accommodation have the remedy in their own hands and mostly fail to use it. When coal is plentiful and cheap in the summer they should lay in as large a stock as possible. By so doing they would not only insure themselves against shortage and high prices, but they would enormously relieve the pressure which, as now, comes with a rush impossible to satisfy when almost panic-stricken orders are given to fill cellars which have been nearly empty for months.

The Cat out of the Bag

To do them justice, many of the Socialist spokesmen are obligingly ready to let the cat of their real intentions out of the bag intended to conceal them until a more propitious moment.

The *Daily Herald* is quite frank:—

"It is an immense gain for our cause *to have public opinion quieted*. . . . The very fact that the Government contains some of the same sort of Ministers as have composed other Governments *calms unreasonable fears* and creates an atmosphere in which *we can begin at once to start our plans*."

We append a few more examples of candour:—

Sir Henry Slesser, Solicitor-General: "The time is ripe for a redistribution of wealth."

Major Atlee, Under Secretary for War: "The capitalistic system is played out and has got to be replaced by a new system."

Mr. H. N. Brailsford, in the *Labour Leader*: "Mr. MacDonald does well to proceed with caution. The first aim in which he is brilliantly succeeding is to win confidence. . . . our chance to-day is to use this confidence to win the country for development on our own Socialist lines."

Not Wizards

Mr. Lloyd George's reputation for political wizardry is not to be challenged by the Socialist Ministers. Mr. Tom Shaw (Minister for Labour) indeed indignantly repudiates the idea that they "can produce schemes like rabbits out of a hat." Even the inevitable retort that his head seemed as empty as his hat missed the point. In their Election Manifesto the Socialists claimed that "the Labour Party *alone* has a positive remedy for unemployment." This claim was blared forth on every electioneering platform throughout the country, and the natural belief was created that the tame economists, with large foreheads, whose portraits, sitting at their desks in the Eccleston Square Valhalla of Socialist wisdom, adorned the press, had excogitated some simple but precise plan whereby the evils of unemployment could quickly be banished from our land. It was presumably safely card-indexed in their files, awaiting that glorious moment when Labour should for ever prove itself superior in the art of government to the succession of imbeciles who for centuries, poor things, had weakly recognised that excursions into the world of fancy are the worst training for government in the world of fact.

Meanwhile, it appears that the great scheme, if it exists, will continue to repose undisturbed in its pigeonhole while Mr. Shaw emits platitudes almost indistinguishable from those of his predecessors.

The Franc

By his victory over the Senate, coupled with the recovery of the franc, M. Poincaré has compelled the admiration of many even of his most prejudiced detractors. He has, as we expected of him, exhibited an almost superhuman strength of sheer determination to achieve his purpose—solely, as we believe, the salvation of his country—which has seldom been equalled in history. It would be foolish to deny that an unwise and unsound policy of national finance, based on the expectation of large receipts from reparations, still unrealised, has exposed a temptingly weak position to those enemies of France whose hostility and cupidity might alike have been gratified by smashing the French exchange. There is no doubt that the design, originated in Germany and adopted with

avidity in German-American banking circles, was deliberately, by enormous bear sales, to depreciate the franc. Such movements once started gather momentum like an avalanche, owing to the anxiety of panic-stricken holders to realise before the worst shall overtake them. We were confidently assured that within a few days the franc would reach 200 to the £, and after that the deluge!

The Biters Bit

It is extremely gratifying to know not only that the plot has failed, owing to M. Poincaré's firmness and the promptitude with which the Bank of England and the more reputable of the American bankers, headed by Messrs. Morgan, lent their help, but also that the raiders have incurred such enormous losses that some of them will not be heard of again in international finance.

Incidentally, nothing could have served better to improve Anglo-French relations, already mollified by Mr. MacDonald's efforts as a polite letter writer.

Fiscal Reform

It is to be hoped that the way is now clear for M. Poincaré to carry through the drastic fiscal reforms which alone can ensure the continued stability and further improvement of the French exchange. France has had a severe lesson, and the shock will prove to have been a blessing in disguise if it results in the radical measures of financial reform which are absolutely necessary to her stability and credit.

National Boarding Schools

The article on this subject which we published last month has attracted an unusual amount of attention, and we have received many letters urging that the views of influential educationists should be obtained and published. Dr. Alington refers to the question in his article on Sir James Barrie's "That Something" in this number, and in following issues we shall publish the views of other educational authorities. In our judgment the purely educational is only one and, perhaps, in the narrower sense, the least important aspect; the more important are social and hygienic. In regard to the latter, we are reminded by an article in *The Times* of the hitherto insufficiently appreciated difference between the real and vitally health-giving effects of undiluted sunlight in the country and of

the anæmic and relatively valueless rays from the sun, which, however they may warm the skins and gladden the hearts of Londoners, are robbed of their vital ultra-violet constituents by the smoky haze always covering the London area of at least 750 square miles. The average ultra-violet ray strength of the sun in London is not more than about one-seventh of that in the country, owing to the haze acting as a filter.

Essential Sunlight

PROFESSOR LEONARD HILL, from whose pen we shall shortly publish an article on the subject of real and artificial (electrical) sunlight in relation to health, has carried out for a number of years most exhaustive researches on the subject. We believe that the conclusions he has arrived at are now generally accepted by the medical profession, and that the normal proportion of ultra-violet rays provided by Nature is regarded as an indispensable condition of health. What is necessary to adults is even more imperative for adolescents, and, if the highly artificial system called civilisation is not ultimately to destroy us, we must, with the aid of science and common sense, pay more respect to some of Nature's laws which in our ignorance we have violated.

On this ground alone there is no room for doubt as to the verdict of medical science with regard to the physical benefits of drafting town children into the country during their school lives. We trust that it will not be long before the public conscience has been quickened into recognising it as a duty.

"Save Me from My Friends"

IT has been announced in the Press that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, "having been won as first prize by the York branch [of the Independent Labour Party] in a ballot among the branches for a prominent speaker, will address a public meeting at York on Easter Saturday, April 19th." To win a first prize is generally considered a fortunate event, but to be the first prize himself must, we should imagine, be a source of acute regret to the Prime Minister, in view of the resolutions to be discussed. The demands made by these comprehend the immediate imposition of the Capital Levy; "housing; construction and reconstruction of roads, bridges, and schools; development of canals and

railway transport; afforestation" (quite a fine word—we wonder how many Socialists attach any meaning to it!), "and reclamation of waste lands; development of electric energy through the erection of super-power stations." Needless to say, it is laid down that all this work is to be carried out at trade union rates of wages.

The "Useless Parasite" still Wanted

It is amusing to reflect that not one of these schemes can be brought to fruition without capital provided by that useless parasite the private capitalist. He is at the same time to have the privilege of paying the Capital Levy, of which the purpose is to effect debt reduction. A trifle of three thousand million pounds is therefore to be withdrawn from industry at the same moment that all these suggested operations are to be put in hand.

The resolutions, however, which "The First Prize" will have to face on Primrose Day do not stop here. He, or it, is required in addition to provide "secondary education for every child, books, clothing, boots, and food for necessitous school children, a national contributory scheme for superannuation for both sexes after so many years' service, State pensions for widows, orphans, and persons physically incapacitated from earning their living, old age pensions of £1 a week at 60 [why not 30?], nationalisation of land, banks, and other industries." This sort of mere tinkering with things quite tires us. Why has not the Independent Labour Party the courage of its convictions? Why does it not take the bull by the horns and demand an income of, say, ten thousand a year for everybody? Then we could all of us go to Monte Carlo, and we should none of us need ever to do any more work—a great point.

Seriously, could the grotesque absurdity of Socialist economics be more powerfully shown than in these resolutions, with which the unhappy "First Prize" will have to deal?

"Reunion": Slamming the Door

In so far as the Roman Catholic Church is concerned, the door opening on the path to reunion would seem to have been finally slammed, bolted and barred by Cardinal Bourne. In his Lenten pastoral letter he has declared that the absolute acceptance of the claims of Rome and, above all, of the

infallibility of the Pope, must be the preceding condition of any healing of the breach. "There can be no question of a compromise built up on the acceptance or rejection, or mere toleration of a certain number of religious opinions. It (*i.e.*, union) can come only from the whole-hearted and sincere acceptance of certain divinely revealed truths. First in this order of ideas there must be acceptance of the fact that there can be but one Church, 'the pillar and ground of truth,' the truth which is one in its very essence. . . . We believe that to that Church, both in its episcopal hierarchy as a whole and in its visible head, the successors of St. Peter personally, there has been granted the gift of infallibility, whereby it has divine assurance of protection against error, if and when they proclaim to all the faithful that any doctrine is to be held as part of the faith revealed by Jesus Christ. This is the fundamental doctrine of the Catholic Church, and all discussions are useless and mere waste of time until this doctrine is accepted, for no man can be a Catholic until, guided and enlightened by the Holy Ghost, he is able to accept it."

Mahomet and the Mountain

In face of this statement of Cardinal Bourne's, it is evident that any further efforts towards reunion are utterly vain. They would be, as he says, mere waste of time. For the doctrine of Papal infallibility is precisely that which Anglicans and Nonconformists unite in rejecting. Nor—whether we lament or applaud the fact—could any dogma be more opposed to the thought of the age. Future endeavour towards the reunion of Christian bodies must therefore leave the Roman Church out of account. Its attitude is in essence that of simple negation. We may (if we choose) come to Rome, but Rome will not change its position by one iota in order to come to us.

Possibly the real hope of reuniting the rest of Christendom is to be found in progress towards the unity of spiritual ideals. What we know as orthodox Christianity may conceivably be losing its hold, but a broader Christianity may be taking its place. Moreover, perception of the great fact that much of Christian morality (*e.g.*, the need of temperance, of the use of our faculties, of the principle of sacrifice, etc.) is inwoven, so to speak, with the

laws of the universe, and that its disregard is automatically punished by those laws is being forced upon us by biological science.

The Cinema Defended

We believe that unprejudiced critics will admit the claim of Mr. Alder Anderson published in this number that cinematography is a very potent form of theatrical art calling for high ability on the part of its exponents and imagination on the part of its producers and creators.

In our view the prejudice against it results not from any inherent quality which places it outside the pale of the true arts, but from its unfortunate domination by a horde of utterly inartistic commercial exploiters. Under present conditions it is almost impossible to see how the British film industry can live, not to say prosper, in competition with its monster American rival. The latter has the advantage not only of a greatly superior climate for production, but also of such an immense home market that films which have cost and made fortunes in America can be shown here on terms with which English producers cannot compete. The English market is thus swamped with American films, a large proportion of which offend every canon of art and debauch the taste of the public; yet the public is as little concerned with the origin of such films (and practically as helpless to discriminate) as it is with the source of the constituents of its daily bread.

If Mr. Snowden would largely reduce the direct entertainment tax and recoup the Exchequer by a really thumping impost on imported films, he would accomplish the very difficult feat of combining popularity with sound policy.

Week-end Fares

The railway companies have issued a programme of holiday and excursion facilities, which clearly shows that they realise the importance of creating and stimulating traffic by offering inducements. It is both comprehensive and generous, and in most respects, having regard to the heavy burdens of extra cost which the companies have to carry, the public should be duly grateful that the railways are still under the direction of progressive private management.

In one respect, however, the week-end ticket, the rail-

way managers cannot rid themselves of the obsolete idea that a concession does not necessarily benefit the recipient exclusively. It is indeed certain that no railway company ever conceded a reduction or facility unless it expected a mutual benefit in the shape of increased traffic. Cheap week-end tickets have for some time been restored from after 5 p.m. on Fridays, until Mondays. They used to extend from any hour on Friday until Tuesdays, which makes all the difference to thousands of week-enders. With the post-war higher scale of fares, the taxis, the hotel bills, the tips and the etceteras, a week-end is still far too much of a luxury to be indulged in frequently by any but the quite well-to-do, who very likely travel by motor car. The railways should not forget that unless the seaside and golf hotels can make ends meet in the off-season they cannot maintain the standard of comfort which will attract repeated visits. The hotels and health resorts are really partners with the railways in this class of traffic, and many of them depend upon it almost exclusively. We have received information from some of those who advertise in our columns that the short week-end resulting from the railway rules inflicts a great handicap upon them, and in the interests of the travelling public it is to be hoped that the railways will remove what appears to be a needless and short-sighted restriction.

The Westminster Election

THE defeat of Mr. Winston Churchill at Westminster makes for a restoration of discipline in the ranks of the Conservative Party. Had he been returned he would unquestionably have caballed to the utmost of his ability against Mr. Baldwin, and striven hard to bring about (under whatever name) a new Coalition Government in which he himself, Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead should play leading parts, with Mr. Lloyd George waiting pathetically for admission, the "Peri at the Gate."

Twice within the last few years his duty, quite definitely, was to resign, and twice he shunned that obligation. The first occasion was that of the Home Rule Bill, when, in 1914, he was willing to use the British Navy and the British Army for the purpose of massacring the men of Belfast. The second time was the surrender, in

1921, by the British Government of Southern Ireland and the loyalists to treason and murder. To that act of infamy Mr. Churchill was, we believe, strongly opposed, and he was therefore bound, by every consideration affecting a man of honour, to give up his place in the Coalition Cabinet.

While, however, this is true and is not to be forgotten, Mr. Churchill remains a force with which the Conservative Party has to reckon. The proper course would have been to settle matters with him, so to speak, out of court. He should have been told that, after he had for over twenty years fiercely assailed the Conservatives, he could not reasonably expect to be presented with one of the safest seats in the country, and that if now, as a repentant convert, he desired to be readmitted to the fold, he must first purge his contempt by a straight fight with a Socialist, or with a Liberal.

Mr. Churchill's sole claim on Conservative support was that he announced himself to be anti-Socialist. How does he reconcile this assertion with his Socialistic aspiration, in 1908, to nationalise the railways? and, again, with his words, ten years later at Dundee: "We cannot organise the great question of land settlement, new industries, and the extension of production unless the State has control of the means of transportation"?

So fierce was then his Socialistic ardour for nationalisation that he refused to submit the matter to a Royal Commission. It would brook no delay. A man may have the right to alter his opinions, but that one who has stood for schemes such as these should ask acceptance as a champion of Conservatism without giving proof of real conversion suggests that of all his brilliant qualities audacity is perhaps the greatest.

The Abbey election has completed the ignominy of the Liberal Party. Mr. Scott Duckers, the Liberal candidate, actually failed to obtain even one per cent. of the number of votes on the register. But the real shame, the abiding disgrace, of Liberalism was in their choice of a "conscientious objector" as their official nominee. That a man who repudiates the first duty of citizenship should be selected to be the Liberal representative in a constituency which is, in fact, the very heart of the Empire marks the level of degradation to which Liberalism has sunk.

"That Something"

By the Rev. Cyril Alington, D.D.

It may be questioned whether the fears which keep angels from rushing in where fools do not fear to tread are as entirely creditable to them as is usually assumed. Even the blunders of fools sometimes stimulate wise men to activity, and the blunders of angels (if blundering angels are conceivable) might produce even more profitable results. But if angels will not try, what are the poor fools to do? It is only by some such arguments that any ordinary person can justify himself in an attempt to define what Sir James Barrie has left undefined, or even pronounced indefinable. Very likely they are not strong enough to bear the strain, and the absurdity is heightened when a schoolmaster attempts the task. His efforts can only suggest the frog writhing under the dissecting knife and attempting to explain in which part of his anatomy the vital fluid is secreted. No doubt frogs do not know as much about their own interior economy as the scientist with the knife, but they have a certain rude practical dexterity in performing their functions and may help to explain what they cannot define.

It is in this spirit that the writer attempts the task of searching for "that something" which Sir James Barrie, with a modesty too characteristic to be entirely trusted, declares to have eluded his pursuit.

He is inclined, we notice, to attribute much of it to the locality in which it grows. No doubt he is right when he implies that the feeling needs a local object to which to attach itself, but when it is found, as the writer has found it, feeding with equal vigour on the brick and stone of the 15th century, on the bare slopes of a Wiltshire down, and on the winding banks of a western river, we feel that a definition is not much nearer to our hand.

The link between a school and its surroundings has been described by Mr. Nevinson in words which Sir James Barrie would welcome in support of his contention that the secret lies below the surface.

> Other rivers may be called majestic, and we talk of Father Tiber or Father Thames, but no one ever called the Severn father, or praised her but for her grace; for she is like the body and soul of a princess straight from a western fairyland—so wild and pliant, so full of laughter and of mystery, so uncertain in her gay and sorrowing moods. On my word, though the science of education must be a very splendid thing, untaught, untrained, uninstructed as we Shrewsbury boys would now be considered, I would not change places with the most scientifically educated man in England who had never known such a river as that.

It may be suggested that the three instances given prove that beauty is the common factor which arouses and concentrates the sentiment for which we are seeking, but the suggestion would be false. No doubt beauty of building or beauty of surrounding scenery intensifies the feeling: it is hardly possible to over-estimate the value of such a possession: but the suggestion would be false for all that. There are schools which it would be libellous to name where the feeling grows and flourishes in surroundings which not even the most ardent devotee could call beautiful, and where history has done as little to help as is possible in a country where every parish has its individuality. We do not seem to be advancing beyond the great words with which Sir Owen Seaman begins his parody of Marie Corelli—

> Surely there is something, if we could but find out what it is. Oh, unfathomable deeps!

and Sir James would smile at our failure. But let us refuse to be discouraged and make another attempt.

It is far too often assumed by preachers, and by others who address the young, that boys are creatures by themselves, and that their hopes and fears, their likes and dislikes, are of a class apart from those of their elders. Is it not possible that we are making this mistake here and that the secret is less the possession of the youth of England than of England as a whole? (If blame attaches to the use of this unfashionable word let it be Sir James Barrie's and not mine: I thought there were Scottish public schools as full of this spirit as the rest of them: but I follow where he leads.) The English character then—let us try to find in that the solution of our problem, though, of course, we may find that we are only explaining *ignotum per ignotius*. That public schools are typically English products is a truism: other nations are more

anxious to imitate them than we find it easy to believe, but the secret seems at present to lie in this island, though Englishmen have taught the mystery with striking success to boys of very different origin.

The English character is to other nations an irritating puzzle, and in nothing more irritating than in its delight in self-depreciation. Some explain this as due to characteristic perfidy, but we know that this is not the cause: a truer criticism attributes it to a national pride which demands a higher standard from itself than that with which "lesser breeds" may be content. But, whatever the cause may be, this self-depreciation, genuine or not, does much to explain why we get on so well together. A little company of English people are more likely to bring out the best in one another because they affect not to expect too much: they do not discuss abstractions on which disagreement is probable, but concentrate their attention on practical efficiency of a non-controversial kind. The standard may not be reached, though it often is: it may not be as high as it would be if more attention were paid to theory, but it does secure the maximum of harmony and create a social atmosphere in which toleration is the rule.

If it be granted that the Englishman is pre-eminently a "clubable" man we shall cease to be surprised at the clubability of the average English boy, and it is, indeed, conceivable that clubability, in the sense in which Johnson attributed it to Boswell, is the mysterious quality which makes public school life possible. If it sounds unromantic, we must remember that the clubs we know are too often the province of the elderly and the dyspeptic, and that boys are (roughly speaking) as preferable to their parents as kittens are to cats. Our receipt for producing the public school atmosphere is, then, to gather together the sons of a clubable race at their most attractive and least sophisticated age, and to await the result with hope. They will judge one another shrewdly but not unkindly: their standards, though not as high as they might be, will be genuine as far as they go, for it is at least a saner thing to admire a boy who can kick a football with unusual precision than one whose father cornered wheat or whose grandfather retarded the development of some flourishing city by speculation in real estate. And just because the standards are genuine they can be raised: there are some

very interesting experiments in modern public school life which show that boys are capable of setting and maintaining a level of life which would have been thought impossible twenty years ago. It is often forgotten—and the forgetfulness is a compliment—how curiously modern the public school spirit is. Arnold may not have been its creator in quite so fundamental a sense as is usually supposed, but the popular voice is not far wrong in the honour which it pays to him. Did the public school spirit exist a century ago? I doubt it: but could anyone deny that by the 'seventies it was the common property of every school? There has been no more rapid development of an idea in English history.

In all this nothing has been said of the schoolmaster, and, indeed, it is an essential part of the tradition that he should be in the background. It has been paradoxically maintained that the remarkable thing about the English schoolmaster is the frequency with which he is not there, and our foreign visitors never cease to wonder at the amount of liberty which English schools enjoy. Of course he is there, if not in the foreground at least in the middle distance, but his presence does not alter the fact that the public school spirit is in the main the creation of the boys themselves. After all, he has been himself at a public school, and knows that to be regarded as part of a place round which so much affection centres is to have an influence comparable to that of the buildings in which the school life is lived or of the atmosphere in which its games are played. To wish for more is the part of the genius or the humbug.

That some such theory of the growth of the English public school spirit is true is proved by the remarkable growth of that spirit in the so-called Secondary schools. These schools, often with no advantage of building or position, and with no traditions behind them, are rapidly evolving a tradition of their own in which much of what is best in the public school spirit is found flourishing on new soil. I can imagine no sign more full of encouragement for those who, like Sir James Barrie, believe, where they cannot prove, that the mysterious "something" is something worth having. No praise can be too high for those who are trying to create these schools, though their success is so remarkable as to be its own sufficient reward.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

In the last number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW a very interesting plea was put forward for National Boarding Schools. Into the financial aspect of the suggestion I am not qualified to enter, but if money difficulties could be surmounted without chastising the taxpayer with scorpions instead of whips, there is much in the scheme with which no one can fail to sympathise. "Where I dines," said the immortal Mr. Jorrocks, "I sleeps, and where I sleeps I breakfasts," and there is no doubt that the sentiment of which we have been speaking attaches itself more readily to a boarding school. But those who know day schools best know how very far loyalty is from being a monopoly of either type of school, and it would be wrong to suggest this as a main reason for the creation of National Boarding Schools.

The other reasons suggested are stronger: to remove children from the atmosphere of crowded cities into the uncontroversial air of the country would be a blessing, moral as well as physical, and if the experiment could be tried with some of those houses which are proving too large for their present owners it would start under the best auspices. Nor is the project so visionary as it sounds. *The Times* of February 18th contained an account of a boarding school of the suggested type which is prosperously established at Rendcomb in the Cotswold country; the Caldecott Community has for seven years conducted one in an old Tudor house in the Weald of Kent. In this latter school it has been found that the cost per child is £65 a year, and with larger numbers the amount would clearly be lessened. It is surely plain that the possibilities of National Boarding Schools are worth exploring: but whether the work is to be accomplished through the Secondary schools now arising under the Balfour Act, or through other provisions of a similar nature, there is no doubt that "the upper classes" (in the words of the article to which I refer) have no desire to keep "the monopoly of opportunity" which they formerly possessed. Those who appreciate the value of "that something" which their school life gave them are only too anxious to make it available for others, even though they may be as incapable as the present writer of giving it a full and final definition.

Byron in London

By E. Beresford Chancellor, F.S.A.

The lapse of a hundred years after a man's death should be sufficient for a proper estimation of the position he is destined to occupy in the Temple of Fame. But the case of Byron is a curious, although not a unique, one. During his lifetime (and he was but 36 when he died) he had become famous; but at the same time his personal character, or perhaps one should rather say that mystery which was woven around it in the eyes of his contemporaries, was always at war, so to phrase it, with his poetic reputation: in a word, his personality dominated his achievement; and the unconventional peer, who loved to shock Mrs. Grundy, and for that reason made it seem that he was much worse than was really the case, is continually getting between us and the poet of *Childe Harold* and the wholly amazing *Don Juan*.

The century that has elapsed since that wayward, heroic, much-misunderstood soul breathed its last at Missolonghi, has materially altered our conceptions of many things; but in nothing so much, perhaps, as the moral attitude with which we regard the peccadillos of great, and even of quite ordinary, mortals. We are no longer, like Mrs. Ashfield, continually on tenterhooks as to what our neighbours will say of our doings or of the doings of others. Quite otherwise do we order our lives; and if a man keeps clear of the Law Courts he may do pretty well what he likes, and say pretty well what he thinks, without so much as a breath disturbing the calm placidity of the human millpond. We have awakened to the fact that human nature, in its various expressions, will have its way, and that the joyous occupation of throwing stones is a game more honoured in the breach than in the observance. In Byron's own days, however, this great truth was not so widely realised, and stones, carrying with them their burden of mud, flew about gaily.

This fact, together with a natural restlessness of disposition, may have been the reason why Byron, like Cayley Drummle, was never long anywhere. He was a wanderer on the face of Europe, and you may see the houses in Pisa and Ravenna, Venice and Genoa, Lisbon and Malta, Athens and Geneva, where from time to time his wayward spirit sought rest through constant change.

Nothing, perhaps, marks this restlessness more than the variety of Byron's residences in London. It was but the other day that the lounger in St. James's Street could have seen the large white medallion bust of the poet, sheltered from London's grime by its glass covering, on the front of a house which now, amid the wholesale demolitions in this thoroughfare of fashion, has gone the way of all bricks and mortar. This was the spot where Byron, on a notable occasion, awoke to find himself famous. But it is not the only one of his various London residences and haunts which has passed away. Indeed since 1824 a greater change has come over the city he knew than at almost any other period of its existence; and the houses in which he lived and the hotels in which he stayed, his clubs, and other haunts he frequented, have, with but a few exceptions, disappeared.

If not by predilection, at least by birth, Byron was a Londoner. He was born at No. 24, Holles Street on January 22nd, 1788. When Peter Cunningham in 1849 wrote his *Handbook for London* he was then unable to identify the actual house; later, however, on the strength of a tradesman's bill in the possession of Mr. Murray, he came to the conclusion that he had found the poet's birthplace in No. 16, Holles Street. Later investigations proved his error, and No. 24 was identified as the house, and was, in 1867, decorated by one of the Society of Arts' tablets. One would have thought that in the case of a man like Byron, who occupies a foremost place in the national literature, his birthplace would have been preserved. But that is not our way in this country; and in March, 1889, the house was pulled down, with its commemorative tablet and its memories.

About six weeks after his birth Byron was christened in St. Marylebone Church—the church for ever memorable as the scene of the marriage, fifty-eight years later, of two

other pre-eminent songsters, Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. Soon after this fleeting and unconscious glimpse of the metropolis, the infant was carried off to Scotland by his mother, and he was not again to see London till he was eleven years of age. The reason for this return was in order that he should be examined by the surgeon, Dr. Matthew Baillie, who had constructed an instrument for the support of his foot. On this occasion he was taken to a house in Sloane Terrace, Sloane Street, where apartments had been secured for Mrs. Byron and her son. One is sorry not to be able to identify the actual house, for not only did Byron stay here for some time, but when subsequently he was sent to school at Dr. Glennie's, in Wells Lane, Sydenham, he came here for the week-ends during the two years he remained under Dr. Glennie's care.

It is a curious thing that in Moore's *Life* there are but few allusions to Byron's London residences; and it is chiefly by the headings of his letters that one can gather anything as to their whereabouts. Certainly one can trace him, by this means, in the August of 1806, at No. 16, Piccadilly; but one would be hard put to it even to try to discover the site of this lodging, for it stood where Piccadilly Circus now is, and is as much a thing of the past as Nineveh, the formation of Regent Street having obliterated it.

It was during the winter of the same year that Byron is found staying at Dorant's Hotel, in Jermyn Street. Dorant's (in Leigh's Picture of London, for 1827, it is spelt Durant's) disappeared some forty years ago, to be succeeded by Cox's Hotel. It was probably quite a small place in those days, for whereas in contemporary lists of such hostelries, the St. James's Hotel, Reddish's, Millar's, and Blake's are given, there is no mention of Dorant's. It was here, however, that an event took place in Byron's life which might have stopped him from further writing, namely, his reading of the *Edinburgh Review's* criticism of his *Hours of Idleness*. That bitter attack had such an effect on the author that a friend happening, we are told, to enter his room during the early moments of his fury found his face so distorted with rage as to give the impression that some personal injury had just been

inflicted upon him. But the site of Dorant's should be more interesting because of the sequel, for, there, must have sprung up and germinated in the poet's brain the wealth of ideas, the tremendous invective, and the biting satire of his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* with which three years later he carried the war into the enemy's country.

In the following year we find letters addressed by Byron from Gordon's Hotel, Albemarle Street; but that he was not altogether false to Dorant's is proved by his correspondence during January and February, 1808, in which year, however, he first began to use those lodgings at No. 8, St. James's Street, to which I have already referred as being no longer in existence.

It was to these rooms he came at the beginning of the year 1809, to arrange for the publication of his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, which duly appeared about the middle of March. Before that happened, however, an event took place which had no little influence on his after career, *i.e.*, his taking his seat in the House of Lords, and the cool reception he experienced there; a reception which was largely due to his own hypersensitive attitude. That he had intended to make some stir as a legislator, is evidenced by his remark in a letter to his mother, dated March 6th, 1809, from 8, St. James's Street, in which he says, "I . . . will do something in the House soon." As we know, he once only returned to the Chamber after his initial experience of it. His friend Dallas has left a description of the incident: "Passing down St. James's Street," he writes, "but with no intention of calling, I saw his chariot at his door, and went in. His countenance showed that his mind was agitated. . . . He said to me: 'I am glad you happened to come in; I am going to take my seat, perhaps you will go with me.' I expressed my readiness to attend him, while, at the same time, I concealed the shock I felt on thinking that this young man, who, by birth, fortune, and talent, stood high in life, should have lived so unconnected and neglected by persons of his own rank that there was not a single member of the senate to which he belonged to whom he could or would apply to introduce him in a manner

becoming his birth. I saw that he felt the situation, and I fully partook his indignation."

The whole of the following year and a portion of 1811 were spent abroad, and Byron only returned from his first visit to Greece and Turkey in the July of the latter year, on the 15th of which month we find Dallas noting how "he had the pleasure of shaking hands with him at Reddish's Hotel, in St. James's Street" (it was really in Jermyn Street), "very animated in the account of his travels." After a stay of some three months at Newstead, he was back in London, at 8, St. James's Street, at the end of October, 1811, where he appears to have remained off and on until the July of the following year, publishing the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, making his first speech in the House of Lords on February 27th, and writing to Scott to tell him how he had been presented, at the Prince's request, to the Regent, at a ball, and how they had discussed with enthusiasm *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. "He [the Prince Regent] spoke alternately," writes Byron, "of Homer and yourself, and seemed well acquainted with both; so that (with the exception of your humble servant) you were in very good company." In the following September, Byron wrote his *Address on the Opening of Drury Lane Theatre*.

In a letter addressed to Murray, on April 21st, 1813, he desires that his account should be sent to Bennet Street. This indicates that new *pied-à-terre*, at No. 4, in the thoroughfare which he humorously termed Benedictine Street in a letter to Moore, dated July 8th, 1813. According to the rate books of that period, a Miss Bayfield is given as occupying the house, and it was with her no doubt that Byron lodged. At this time the poet was writing *The Giaour*, *The Bride of Abydos*, and *The Corsair*, parts of which were no doubt composed at No. 4, Bennet Street, although most of the last-named is said to have been mentally adumbrated while its author walked up and down Albemarle Street.

Byron's ghost is one of the most notable that haunt Albany, but its corporeal counterpart inhabited that cloistral abode for a relatively short time. The opening paragraph of a letter to Moore, dated April 9th, 1814, runs thus: "Viscount Althorp is about to be married, and

I have gotten his spacious bachelor apartments in Albany, to which you will, I hope, address a speedy answer to this mine epistle." His rooms were A No. 2; and he rented them from March 28th, till his marriage with Miss Milbanke on the following January 2nd. Some three months later the ill-assorted pair set up housekeeping at what Byron indifferently calls Piccadilly Terrace; 13, The Terrace, Piccadilly; and Terrace, Piccadilly, *tout court*. This was the house since numbered 139, Piccadilly, later to be known as the residence of Lord Glenesk, of *Morning Post* fame, and to-day that of Baron D'Erlanger. Less than a year after, Lady Byron, having there given birth to a daughter, left the house for ever (January, 1816), and on the following April 25th Byron himself took his last leave of England, after having penned the pathetic *Fare Thee Well*, and the terrific invective entitled *A Sketch*, in which the spirit of Pope's lines on Sporus is caught and outdone.

In the case of such a roving spirit as Byron's, temporary abodes are natural. The two actual homes, if even they can be so called, which he had in London—Albany and 13, The Terrace, Piccadilly—were each occupied for less than a year; and it was in hotels and lodgings that what may be termed his London life, of about half a dozen years' duration, was chiefly passed. Some of these I have already mentioned, but to them should be added Stevens's Hotel, at No. 18, New Bond Street. This later became, as it is to-day, Fischer's Hotel. It has its entrance in Clifford Street, and opposite, at the other corner, stood Long's Hotel (No. 16, Bond Street), notable in Byron's annals as being the spot where he had his first interview with Scott. Sir Walter has left a well-known description of his meeting with, and first impressions of, his brother poet, in a letter to Moore. The two were wont, subsequently, to forgather at 50A, Albemarle Street, "for an hour or two almost daily in Mr. Murray's drawing-room."

That historic house is, indeed, the one in which the turbulent spirit of the great poet seems most vividly to linger, and amid all the notable ghosts that haunt its drawing-room, his is the most dominant. As you tread those stairs you feel you must stand aside to allow two illustrious writers, both halting from physical ills, but still more from the weight of accumulated laurels, to pass. The elo-

quent glance and debonair manner of the one is in marked contrast with the Shakespearean brow and bushy eyebrows, overshadowing such merry eyes, of the other. Scott found Byron "full of gaiety and good humour, courteous and kind." Who could but be so in the company of that noble spirit? It was Byron's misfortune to see too little of a man whose influence might well have curbed his latent waywardness and given a happier turn to his melancholy existence.

Byron appears to have belonged to a number of London clubs at one time or another. Watier's, where Brummell was paramount, at No. 81, Piccadilly, which was then comparatively new and of short duration, having been started in 1805 and closing its doors twelve years later; and the Alfred (he used to call it the Half-Read), at No. 23, Albemarle Street. It had been founded in 1808, and Byron thought it "a pleasant club—a little too sober and literary, perhaps, but on the whole a decent resource on a rainy day," although another member, less complimentary, termed it "the asylum of doting Tories and drivelling quidnuncs." Another of Byron's clubs was the Cocoa Tree, at 64, St. James's Street; and yet another, the Union, which he joined in 1812, the year in which the Dukes of York and Sussex also became members. He did not know the present clubhouse, however, which was not built till 1822, the club having previously been domiciled in Cumberland House. One hopes Byron did not gamble at Watier's, famous for its high play, to the extent he sometimes drank at the Cocoa Tree. "I have," he writes to Moore, in 1814, "also been drinking, and on one occasion, with three other friends of the Cocoa Tree, from six till four, yea, five in the matin. We clareted and champagned till two, then supped, and finished with a kind of Regency punch, composed of Madeira, brandy, and green tea, no real water being admitted therein. There was a night for you! Without once quitting the table, excepting to ambulate home, which I did alone, and in utter contempt of a hackney coach, and my own *vis*, both of which were deemed necessary for our conveyance." What a life!

London is not without its memorial of Byron, for if the medallion portrait in St. James's Street is gone, there remains the seated statue of the poet, gazing on the park of Fashion of whose rare excursions into literature he is at once the greatest and most memorable exponent.

The Letters of an Englishman

"In Step with Uncle Sam"

By Charles Whibley

MANY years ago I was travelling from Paris to London, and I encountered, in a railway carriage at the Gare du Nord, a vision of pipe-clay—a youth in a suit, white as pipe-clay, with boots aggressively pipe-clayed, and a pallid face, white as his boots. That he might travel in solitude he had spread his bags to cover all the seats, and when I explained to him that I proposed to secure a corner for myself by removing a part of his luggage, he asked me angrily if I knew who he was. I regretted my ignorance, and he told me, with the pomp of a hero, that he was the Boy Senator of New York. Whether he spoke the truth or not I do not know. He certainly betrayed a guilty knowledge of elections, and assured me with a passionate eloquence that, while at critical times much might be achieved by greenbacks, it was very dangerous to let cheques pass. I listened with the respect due to his eminence, and congratulated myself that in England, at any rate, we see our boyhood go by without troubling ourselves too anxiously about politics.

In "these United States," however, the Boy Senator is something more than a showman's freak. He is a symptom of the national life. If we doubted it, our doubt would be resolved by a study of *The Boy's Own Book of Politics*, by Mr. William G. Shepherd (New York: The Macmillan Company). Now Mr. Shepherd believes that it is never too early to learn the first lessons of politics. He has written his book to tell American boys "how to keep in step with Uncle Sam." He wants them to "click along" and become experts in Uncle Sam's business from the very beginning. Nor does he give to politics a wide or generous meaning. He does not invite his victims to study history, which, as Bolingbroke said, is philosophy teaching by examples. He does not urge them to discover

in the pages of Cæsar or Plutarch what courage and wisdom may achieve. He would have them remain indifferent to the purpose and scheme of government. Government, in truth, is no concern of his or of theirs. Once upon a time Mr. Shepherd thought that politics and government were one and the same thing. Now he knows better. "There is as much difference between politics and government," he says, "as there is between a yellow brick automobile factory and a bright black automobile." And he would shut up his bright American boys in the yellow brick factory, and never let them expatiate in a bright black automobile along the high roads of the greatest country upon earth.

What, then, in this new interpretation, is politics? "Politics is simply picking," says Mr. Shepherd, and as on another page he tells the boys of America that "the welfare of hundreds and even thousands of the candidates' political associates depends upon his success," we might add to his definition, "and stealing." And "picking" is not so easy as it seems, since before an American decides who shall be "picked," he must first "pick the pickers." As Mr. Shepherd sadly confesses, "this is a giant's job, this election business"; but that confession does not deter him from wishing to thrust American boys into the job as soon as possible. First of all, he soothes the vanity of the young Americans by telling them how great and good they are. Man is a voting animal, who finds the highest expression of his activity at the ballot-box, and "the Americans are the busiest voters in the world." They fill Europe with wonder, because they vote about everything. They take this sacred duty very seriously indeed. "Do you know what the ceremony of voting really is?" asks Mr. Shepherd ecstatically. "There is a certain thrill of patriotism that can come to a thoughtful young man only on a battlefield or in an election booth." A vain comparison, truly! A man in an election booth runs no risk. A man on a battlefield is ready to sacrifice his life in the service of his country.

The American keeps on voting, we are told, because without voting he couldn't make necessary changes among his officials. Change, indeed, is the essence of politics, as Mr. Shepherd sees them. "In Europe they have had

kings," says this master of urbanity, "who were clearly crazy, but whom no one dared kick into the street where they belonged. Lifelong jobs were the system under government by kings. But most of the world is through with government by kings these days." Let not Mr. Shepherd be too confident about that. What the world is "through with" is the constant and arbitrary changes of "free" Governments. It has found out that that which alone will save it from disruption is continuity and equal justice. Since the war many a throne has been overturned with disastrous results, and peace will not be wholly restored to us until those thrones are set up again and with kings seated upon them.

However, these matters are too high for the American boy, whose interest must be absorbed early by the machinery of politics. It is for him to learn the simple duties of picking and voting, and if he be greatly blessed he may some day take his share in the management of his party. It is a great thought that there are 300,000 real politicians in the United States working to keep the machines in order, day in, day out, year in, year out. That is enough to prove what a great and solemn business it is. What brave American boy can help being thrilled when he is asked whether he "knows that there are just as bitter political fights *within* each party as there are on election day *between* the two parties?" And the excitement does not cease even in the august Convention itself. There are still deals that may be done at the last moment. "I'll quit fighting for my man," says one astute politician to another, "if you'll quit fighting for yours."

To encourage the youth of his fatherland to meddle in the machinery of politics, Mr. Shepherd tells what he thinks a pleasant anecdote of the Presidential election of 1916. Mr. Hughes, the Republican candidate, was rash enough to drive to Long Beach for "a much-needed rest." He shook hands with a group of ladies who were holding a convention, and then returned to San Francisco. When he came back to his hotel he was asked if he had met Governor Hiram Johnson. He hadn't even known that he was there. "That raised hob in California." In vain Mr. Hughes' secretaries attempted to speak to Governor Hiram

on the telephone; in vain they rode back to the hotel to find him. The Governor was gone, and Mr. Hughes had nothing to do but to wait for the storm to burst, and to reconcile himself to defeat. And that is how the voice of the people becomes the voice of God!

It is difficult to see how early instruction can save the American boy from being the victim of such a direful accident as this. At any moment he may lose sight of a great man, whose support is high above principle or patriotism. Nor, when we discover from Mr. Shepherd's book how large a part is played in what he calls "politics" by chance or chicane, can we believe that the best method of teaching the young idea how to shoot is to plant it deep in the political underworld. We can only pray, at any rate, that Mr. Shepherd's example will not be followed on this side of the ocean. We want no boy's own book of politics here. Boyhood should be the time of hope and fancy, and here is an American citizen who would thrust it away among the machines which commonly run crooked and to the wrong purpose. Political energy is largely wasted energy. A boy is far more usefully employed in reading a book of adventure, climbing a tree, or listening to the songs of birds than in cutting his fingers in political machinery, which is the most ignoble artifice of popular government. If the parties cannot do without it, let them keep it to themselves in the background, and not thrust it upon the sight of young and happy boys. Even at its best politics touch but the fringe of life, as an English statesman said long ago. Nobody is ever made wiser or better by Act of Parliament. If a government neglects not the supreme duty of defence —defence of the Empire, defence of the Constitution— it matters little what it does. Above all, he who begins his life with politics begins it at the wrong end. Before he meddles in affairs of State, or even in the sad business of picking the pickers, a man must have learned something about himself, and have thus acquired a dim knowledge of others. It is his business to judge politics by life, not life by politics. History must not be wholly strange to him, and he must have opened his eyes to the visible world which lies without him. How shall he do all this if he is curious only about polling-booths and elections? How,

indeed, shall he ever grow up to a clear understanding of events if he wastes the hours, which he should devote to decent learning and to careless enjoyment, in picking the pickers? A nation is made strong by the various strength and differing wisdom of individual citizens, and if its citizens are taken early and thrust one and all into the game of politics they will be turned into a set of barren and uniform puppets. When Voltaire in *Candide* told us to "cultivate our garden" he gave us the best advice that a philosopher can give. It is with ourselves that we must begin the work of life, not with the foolish and seldom reputable machinery of politics. When we are told that it has taken years and millions of dollars to build up the party machines of America we are appalled by the waste of time and money, and we can only hope that we shall never squander ourselves and our gold upon so poor an enterprise. The political restlessness which disturbs us to-day is a sign not of growth, but of decay, and the sooner we recover from it the better will it be for us. Mr. Shepherd can think of no "finer title" than an "American voter." I can think of many better. A voter, be he American or Englishman, is merely aiding and abetting a vast gamble, which he can control no more easily than a croupier can control his spinning wheel at Monte Carlo. The one title that is worth winning is the title which he may claim who has achieved either by his thought or by his hand a clear expression of himself. To be driven into a pen, with some thousands of your fellows, that you may mark or mar a piece of paper is merely to imitate the sad, obedient sheep. The only true title of honour is that which you do not share with the whole world.

Advertisements*

By Gilbert Norwood

You cannot get away from superstition. Stone all the prophets and you are left with the bookmaker; destroy the belief that noblemen are the salt of the earth and the vacuum is filled by the holiness of labouring men. We are all superstitious; that is, after respecting a person or thing for reasons adduced we continue our respect when the reasons have been shown false, irrelevant, or obsolete. But the most superstitious of us all is the business man. He may, indeed, be described with peculiar truth as compounded of superstition. He both has one, and is one. For the rest of mankind he is a legend, a creature passing before our eyes into the realm of folklore. He is a simulacrum whom we non-business people have created to fill the place occupied successively by the Saint, the Scientist, and the Statesman. He is the latest Ideal Man, receiving from our adult hearts the nervous adoration offered by our children to Father Christmas.

This latest religion is shared also by its object; the business man of real life accepts the legend no less devoutly than Cabinet Ministers, schoolmasters and social theorists. He may possess no other genius than the random rapacity of a jackdaw; his commercial geography may be that of a third-form boy; his notion of labour conditions may resemble those cherished by the retired Army men who write to the *Daily Post*; but he clothes his nakedness in the gorgeous robe woven by the imagination of those who envy his income. As a result he fondles his own superstitions with even less misgiving than any other child of man. And the most absurd of his superstitions is the belief in unlimited advertisement.

To inform the public that you make good boots and wish to sell them is a perfectly sound procedure (provided always that you are telling the truth). But our hustling merchant does not know where to stop. Having found

* Mr. J. Murray Allison, Editor of *20th Century Advertising*, will reply to this article next month.

a good method, he pushes it to vicious excess, conceiving that you cannot have too much of a good thing, as if one were to swallow quinine all day. Consider the evils wrought by this ludicrous increase of advertisement.

It is a nuisance to the public. To be reminded three times a week that Blunt's Milky Toffee is delicious and an excellent food benefits those persons (if any) who propose to consume food in that form. But to read the statement on every hoarding, to find it thrust remorselessly into the vitals of a magazine story and leering at you from the column next to Reviews or Financial Notes! If a man behaved like that in society, he would be shunned as the greatest bore infesting our planet. Even worse, perhaps, are the Little Green Books. No one, even though he vended the true panacea for all human ills, would have any right to obtrude himself so persistently as the proprietors of those infernal pamphlets. If the obsession continues I (for one) shall be drawn, as a hypnotised rabbit is drawn by a snake, actually to purchase the books. "Ha! Ha!" one cries. "That is what the advertisements are for. So long as you buy, no one cares whether you buy grudgingly or with gleeful smiles." An error. I remember watching a Frenchman in a restaurant at Versailles who plainly suspected the dish before him to have formed part of some unusual quadruped. After a while he beckoned to a waiter, and, waving his hand towards the food, exclaimed: "Ôtez-le, ôtez-le; ou je le mange." That incident did no good to the restaurant, even though the guest paid his bill.

Next (and this forms the quaintest proof that modern advertisement is superstition), many firms spend more on it than they can hope to gain. Not far from this writing-table rises a great electric sky-sign of a meat extract. Each night that sign is illuminated; ever and anon it is extinguished, only to burst forth again in a new colour; then the illumination runs up and down its letters in throbbing waves. These pyrotechnics, it appears, will produce so many new customers that the profit on such extra bottles will more than defray the cost of the sign, the electric current, and incidental charges. Ridiculous! Such sky-signs, I suppose, are what business men call overhead expenses. In any case, they are a toll paid to superstí-

tion, a ritual disbursement no more justifiable than the waste of salt which some fling over their shoulders. Does anyone suppose that, if the meat extract people diminished their advertising bill next year by a thousand pounds, their profits would be decreased by anything like that amount? They keep the thing going because they have an advertisement manager and a crowd of clerks, all eager, practical, and businesslike, who would be thrown out of work if the advertisement machine slowed down. Assuredly it would be cruel to deprive these of their livelihood, but their livelihood is hardly the object with which we began advertising.

Again, there is a more curious, more subtle evil which during the last generation has crept over the advertiser's methods. This change is to a superficial man delightful, but its value as a means of attracting business is debatable, and its social effect hideous. I mean, of course, that our business men have begun to study psychology. We have discovered by laborious research a truth known always by the wise, that to persuade or teach you must appeal to what interests your hearer. The procedure has now been extended to advertisements. But the Morning Star of this reformation, the man who preceded scientific methods, was the great Beano, who not only made pickles, but instructed the masses also. His manifestoes have long been the only known means of initiating the populace into the tenets of Emerson and Confucius. The connection between those gentlemen and pickles was not always plainly to be traced, but the reader gained a dazed sense of being in the Modern Movement. This principle is now widely recognised and has taken on a new subtlety. Once we had a gross imperative: "Buy Smith's Lung Tonic," or merely a phrase: "Twilight Soap." To-day the manufacturer gets under our skin and looks at things from our point of view. His is the *négligé* style, the *allure* of the man-about-town who happens by a laughable accident to have just the linoleum or alpenstock with which one can sleep easily. Vanished like a dream are the crude statements which only half concealed his cynical avarice. He is now our helper, our mentor. He discreetly implies that we, too, are men of the world who would refuse to be found dead in commonplace pyjamas. His advertisements

are called "Club Chats by Sir Courtly Nice," and they run like this: "Just a moment, old top. Awful bore, these advertisements, what? But, after all, you *do* want to know where decent whisky can still be found? Not on this earth? I thought so, too, until . . ." and then slides forth the name of the Real Goods.

Since the manufacturers succeeded in foisting golf upon the South British there has been a widespread belief that we are an open-air people, loving the big primitive things—rustics with season tickets. Accordingly all advertisers praise their goods from the wind-on-the-heath standpoint, however irrelevant. Nowadays a man cannot offer to sell you a pair of socks without pretending that you are an Alpinist, or a sofa without some stuff about coming in after a day's rough shooting. The trouble is, these fellows think we like it! Because the topics which they drag in are themselves pleasant, they suppose the result to be an attractive advertisement. What business have they to be so familiar? Suddenly you see upon a hoarding a pretty face inside a great yellow circle, and the words: "Marry Me and Buy the Ring at Whatshis-name's." The theory is that you scamper off like a springbok to settle everything with Her and Whatshis-name. In reality you feel like crawling down the nearest drain. In the old days an advertiser kept his distance like any other decent stranger. Now he smacks you on the back and talks about joy. Instead of saying, "Our boots are comfortable," he dilates on "foot-joy." (It sounds like German.) Jam is table-joy. Before long, undertakers will be advertising death-joy. Joy is to this breezy creature what lures are to second-rate novelists. He fancies that it hides the defects in his merchandise. Formerly pipe manufacturers, when they got hold of cheap briar with holes in it, simply filled the crevices with putty and said anxiously: "Good briars; only one shilling." Soon we shall find them glorying in their shame, leaving the leaks uncaulked and shouting: "Ventilated pipe-joy, 17s. 6d. Let the free wind of heaven blow through your pipe." There will be a picture of an Anthony Hope hero doing it on the top of Helvellyn.

Worst of all is the intrusion of these gentry into the home circle. When a man put a mattress on the market,

he used to announce coldly: "Will stand rough usage"—he showed no emotion save an abstract pride in his own affairs. To-day he giggles: "Let the kiddies enjoy their pillow-fight. See them bouncing up and down on Sleep-joy! Fine little fellows, aren't they? And it'll do the mattress no harm. Sleep-joy enters into the fun. The reason is that the springs," etc. Bah! It makes me ill to see the fellow egging the children on to fill his pockets at my expense, while he pretends to be that vile object, the bachelor uncle who scores off the father with cheap antics and sixpences. He is always busy, this wrecker of homes. "Look at Bob and Ethel racing down the road to meet Dad! *They* know he hasn't forgotten Dolt's caramels, in the lovely oval tin. It's so scrumptious they can't sleep till the last dainty morsel is gone. And why! There's Granny (bless her!) actually peering through the window. *She* knows how nutritious"—and so forth. Imagine my feelings when I sneak in with somebody else's caramels, or even bananas, and realise that the family are stonily comparing me with the incredible Adonis on the back of the magazine!

To a logician, however, the most disgusting feature of all is that hundreds of these advertisements assume that we shan't believe them. When a newspaper with a circulation of a million announces: "If you want a quiet holiday, go to Relaxing Royston," it is plain that Royston will remain quiet only if almost every reader ignores the summons. So with all these success manifestoes. The man with a chin points out at you from the page vociferating: "Ambassadors make big money. Why should *you* not be one of them? Learn Diplomacy by correspondence. Send no money. Write to-day for free booklet showing how to become an ambassador in your spare time." Well, the number of European States has increased, is increasing, and ought to provide more careers for "the kiddies," but there would need to be as many embassies as public-houses if all readers accepted the free offer, which may not be repeated. But they don't; not they. The advertiser has become muscle-bound through too much efficiency.

The Real Thing

A Short Story

By Edwin Pugh

It is difficult to describe this girl. She was picturesque rather than beautiful. Her eyes and hair were dark and soft; but one suspected that she was dissatisfied with the lower part of her face, since she was for ever arranging and rearranging it. In moments when she was not entirely self-conscious her mouth proclaimed itself as a straight-lipped gash, rather slack, and with a hint of coarseness. But she had a truly fine profile; and for that reason I should say that very few men had ever been permitted to see both her ears at the same time. I may add further, not unkindly, that she likewise affected an untidy head and looked rather as if she slept in her clothes; but then I have met ladies of a far higher social grade who looked like that, though their breeding should have taught them better.

It was late autumn when I went down to stay at that inferior watering-place. There were few visitors left, the popular holiday season having long ago come to an end; but some there were, dejected clerks and so forth, who, in order that all the other employees of the firms to which they belonged might enjoy a vacation in turn, were condemned to take their annual fortnight at that unpropitious time of the year. These I got to know by sight, as I got to know the girl herself. I observed that the clerks stood rather in awe of her: she belonged to a type they could not quite fix, evidently. A few, more daring than the rest, ventured to ogle her as she passed—and were met with chilling looks of disdain for their temerity. Perhaps that was why I felt a little flattered when, one evening, she made her first unconventional overture to me.

I was loafing on the lower esplanade, watching the lights of the many ships that lay anchored in the road-

stead, and one other light: a silver lance of radiance that flashed across the tumbled sea from a frowning headland westward. It was a still, mild, misty evening, but a heavy tide was running up. The waves boomed on the breakwater; the undertow screeched harshly on the shingle. The sands were a lather of creaming foam, and every now and then a shower of spray would sprinkle my face with stinging spindrift. I was smoking a cigar, and—as the song says—thinking of nothing at all, when the girl fluttered suddenly out of the darkness and clutched me by the sleeve with her two hands tightly, and breathed huskily in my ear:

"Protect me! . . . You are a gentleman . . . protect me!"

I flung away my cigar and looked at her. There was just enough light to reveal her face. She was invariably pale, but just then her pallor seemed intensified. Her straining eyes were bright and appealing. Her unsatisfactory mouth was drawn down pathetically at the corners. I knew at once that she was not really frightened or distressed in any way; that there was nothing—nobody—to protect her from; and that the whole thing was merely an elaborate piece of acting. But then it was rather good acting, and interested me; and I was accordingly grateful to her for affording me the diversion of a first-rate dramatic display.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"That—that horrible man!" she gasped, still clinging to me.

"Which way did he go?" I said, stepping forward valiantly.

"I don't know. I did not notice. Oh, I ought not to have come out—alone—but the night tempted me."

She really did it uncommonly well.

"And you. . . . What must you think of me?" Now she was becomingly embarrassed, and loosed her hold. "But—I have seen you—on the front—and—I think—you will understand."

"I understand perfectly," said I.

And that was the beginning of the adventure which was to culminate so painfully, though I swear I saw no possible harm in it until the final disaster. I thought merely to evoke a situation that should develop humorously, and so

serve to beguile the tedium of my sojourn in that desolate town of ten thousand unlet lodgings.

In less than five minutes we were strolling, side by side, along the esplanade in beautiful accord with one another. She forgot her imaginary persecutor almost at once. He had served his purpose in helping her to form my acquaintance, and having no further use for him she discarded him like a worn-out glove. Other, subtler *rôles* engaged her now. She began to talk about herself—and to pose—before we had exchanged a dozen commonplaces. She gave me to understand, in an elusive way, that she was a woman with a sorrowful dead past which had somehow not succeeded in getting itself quite satisfactorily buried. I listened—and marvelled at her ingenuousness. Most certainly she was a piquant change from the usual young person with a scorched nose and unlimited ice-storage accommodation with whom it is open to any man to philander at the seaside. She hinted at vague lost splendours that she had once lived amidst and taken as a matter of course.

"But we are wretchedly poor, now," she explained, gratuitously.

She tried to find out if I had travelled, if I spoke French; and failing ignominiously in both endeavours, abandoned a projected tour of Europe in its inception. For upwards of an hour and a half she talked, and I said what was necessary to keep her going. And then we parted, near the spot where we had met, she protesting that she dared not let me escort her to the hotel at which she was staying, for the sufficient reason (as I divined) that she was not staying at it. And then she was gone, but with the echoes of her pleasant low-toned voice still ringing in my ears. I sat down on a seat and laughed and wondered who and what she could be.

We met again on the following night, by an artistic accident, and walked and talked together as at our first meeting. On this occasion she made me the recipient of other confidences, and incidentally told me that her name was Gundred, which I did not try to believe. She had a trick of commanding my attention, from time to time, by touching my hand lightly with the tips of her fingers. She leaned towards me now and then, as she spoke, and

brought her lips invitingly near to mine. But I was careful not to understand. I smoked on imperturbably—by her gracious permission—only disturbed to the extent of debating whether I should be acting with a too precipitate wisdom if I took the first train back to town on the following morning.

I did not take that first train, unfortunately. I met her again and again—every night, indeed. And our intimacy flourished. We discovered a seat on the pierhead and made it our own. It was one of those seats which, at sunnier periods of the year, portly matrons are in the habit of seeking diligently, and pairs of lovers delight to occupy. Here we sat and flirted gaily, after the lights were lowered, whilst we watched the swinging white beam of the beacon-flare on the headland to the far westward, and listened to the ceaseless sad song of the sea.

It was her mood, on the tenth night of our acquaintance, that brought about the inevitable crisis.

"Lion," she said, breaking an eloquent silence.

I had told her that my name was Lionel Wright. I thought it a good name, certainly a better name than my own for purposes of flirtation.

"Lion," said she, "what would you say if I told you I was not free?"

"Tell me—and see," said I.

"I can't," she replied. "It wouldn't be quite true. And yet, in a way, it would."

I was by this time grown used to these cryptic utterances. "I don't understand," said I.

"I have mentioned my father to you?" she queried. "That poor old decayed aristocrat who will never, never become reconciled to his fallen estate, who almost refuses, even yet, to believe in our broken fortunes."

I nodded. Yes, she had mentioned him—in a way that no woman, least of all a gentlewoman, ever speaks of her most distant connections, and certainly not of one of her parents.

"I have given him a promise," she went on.

"Yes?"

"There is a man—rich——" She stopped.

"Whom your father wishes you to marry?" I suggested, giving her her cue.

"Yes."

"And does the man——?"

"Oh, he will marry me right enough," she rejoined in her whimsical way, "if I get him to ask me to."

"He hasn't asked you yet, then?"

"No. He is only hoping as yet."

"And are you going to marry him?"

"I expect so. As I say, he hasn't asked me, in so many words, up to now; but I have promised papa to think it over."

"This all sounds very mad," said I. "What an odd girl you are!"

"Every girl is odd until she is married," returned Gundred, to call her by the name she had given herself. "It takes a husband to make her even with Fate for having condemned her to female servitude for life."

"And you don't love him?" I inquired gently. I was beginning to enjoy this new turn of the conversation.

"Lion!" she cried, with a sharp note of pain in her voice that sounded so uncomfortably like the real thing that I had a passing qualm of misgiving—until I remembered what a consummate actress she was. "Lion," she cried reproachfully, "you know you are the only man I could ever love."

She had never before been so downright and outspoken. I was now perturbed indeed.

"And he," I said quickly, "has nothing to offer you."

She hesitated. Then, "I would not mind poverty," she whispered.

"But your father?" I reminded her.

She was silent for an appreciable while. When she spoke again it was still in a whisper. "Why," she asked, "do you say that you have nothing to offer? Why have you made love to me—made me care for you, too—if it is really true that you can't—won't—marry me?"

"My dear girl," I remonstrated, "I thought it was clearly understood——"

"Not so clearly," she interjected. "Oh, I am not blaming you! It has been all my fault—my fault all along. But still . . . you said you loved me, Lion. And you do, don't you?"

I sat up. I thought it horribly unfair that she should

turn on me like this and begin to treat as a serious matter an affair that we had tacitly agreed from the first to accept in a light-comedy spirit.

"Of course I do," I blurted out. What else could I say?

"Well, then," said this unspeakable girl, with a prosaic simplicity that was in amazing contrast to her usual manner, "why shouldn't you and I get married?"

"Don't be absurd!" I said roughly. I felt savagely that I was being entrapped.

"How is it absurd? We are both young, we are both free, we love one another. Explain to me, then—oh, I don't care if you do think me indelicate, unmaidenly!—explain to me why you won't marry me, won't even consider the idea of marrying me."

"I—I just can't: that's all," I informed her.

"I knew you couldn't," she replied steadily. "There isn't any explanation that would hold water one moment."

"I did not mean——" I began. And then I stole a sidelong glance at her handsome profile, set and stern and tragic. She was most assuredly not acting a part just then. Cold fingers seemed to grip my heart and wring it.

"My dear Gundred——" I faltered.

She uttered an inarticulate exclamation of disgust. "My name," she said, "is Annie. You know it isn't Gundred—any more than yours is Lionel."

I stared at her, nonplussed. "Yes, I know," I murmured.

"You know, moreover," she went on, still in an even low-toned voice, "that I have no poor old decayed aristocrat for a father. My father . . . It doesn't matter what he is, precisely. But I may tell you that his calling necessitates his being very dirty for about ten hours a day. And my mother was in service before she married. You have guessed something of all that?"

"I have not been guilty of venturing to——"

"You have known, all the time, that I was lying to you."

"On my honour——"

"Your honour!" She laughed. "And you have posed as the fine gentleman. Though I will admit that you have acted your part vastly better than I have acted

mine. You have learnt the trick of that sustained cruel reticence which . . . But you are not what is called a gentleman, nevertheless," she concluded confidently.

This was true enough. I have not always been even a colourable imitation of a gentleman. There was a time when I drove a pen in the City for an insufficient livelihood. But how had this child of the people contrived to find me out?

"My dear girl," I entreated her, "do be reasonable. Why should you turn and rend, not me but yourself, in this way? We have had our little game of make-believe. It has all been very innocent and amusing. You say that you have not believed in my pretensions. I will admit, then, frankly, that I have not been gullible enough to swallow all you have told me, either. But there is no harm done. We have rescued one another from many weary hours of boredom. I am sure I am grateful to you, and——"

I would have gone blundering on had she not uttered a sharp, hissing sound that abruptly checked me.

"You—you coward!" she said softly.

"Come," said I, rising, "this is neither just nor sensible."

"You have told me nothing," she went on, rising too, but not confronting me. The habit of the years was too strong for her, even at that moment—the habit of never presenting herself at full face to a man. "You have let me make a pitiful fool of myself. You have let me bolster up silly fib with sillier fib, and you have not met me with a solitary bold falsehood of your own. You have let me contradict myself—scores of times, I daresay—and have pretended not to notice, whilst you have laughed in your sleeve at me. I am not even certain that the name you have given yourself is not actually yours."

"It isn't," I hastened to assure her.

She raised her hands on high in a magnificent gesture that no art could have compassed. She seemed to appeal to Heaven for aid in her extremity.

"God!" she muttered thickly, "what a fool I have been!" And then her arms fell slackly to her sides again, and she bent her head and stood there mute, striving for mastery over herself.

Unexpectedly she spoke, in a smooth, placid voice. "What *is* your name?" she asked.

"Joseph——" I began.

"That will do—for this hour," she said. "Joseph! Joe! my Joe! Ah, Joe, and now that I have told you all about myself . . . . Do you know that I am a school-teacher? You would like me in my working-dress—so different from this! . . . . Now that I have confessed it all—now that you know all about my figments, from the man I pretended to be frightened of, that first night I spoke to you, to the rich man who wants to marry me that I told you about just now, because I was so desperate and just ached to move you, to kindle you, to force you to speak—now that I have shed all my tawdry affectations, you will tell me about yourself too, won't you, Joe? And we will laugh at one another and promise never to speak of our folly again, and perhaps . . . . What are you really, Joe? A clerk? You must be a clerk, I think. You have such smooth, white, strong hands."

"No," I answered. "I was a clerk once. But I am—something different now."

Her face grew pale again; the blood drained away from it until it was white as milk.

"But you are a poor man? You belong to my class, Joe? There is nothing between us in that way?"

"I am not exactly 'poor,' either," I said. "And I am not . . . . I mean . . . . men can escape out of the class they were born into, sometimes."

She stood, for what seemed an interminable while, motionless, dumb.

"I see," she said at last, quietly. "I see now, perfectly. It would appear, then, that there never was quite such an abject fool as I have made of myself. Even now . . . . and I can't defy facts any longer. You are telling me the truth. You have not told me any lies at all. I have deluded myself throughout. I have been entirely self-deceived. All the shame and stupidity are on me, and me alone. Your silence, that I thought a lie, was just a man's silence after all." She drew herself up sharply. "I have not an atom of self-respect to lose," she said, "so I will just say that if you had cared for me—and that is where it is so cruel: you never have—but if

you had I could have made you proud of me, perhaps. You, being a clever man, know that I am clever too, that I could have learnt to adapt myself. . . . But you don't care for me!" She paused. "Well, good-bye," she said. "This isn't make-believe, is it? This is the real thing. This is drama indeed, profound and simple. You mustn't—I mean, I beg your pardon for a lot of things. Now let me go. Don't move—promise me!—until I am out of sight."

Mechanically I took the hand she held out.

"Good-bye—Joe!"

"No, no!" I cried out passionately.

"Yes, yes," she mocked me. "Stay there."

And just as she had fluttered into my life out of the windy, salted dark, so she fluttered out of it, back into the dark again.

Shakespeare in Leicester Square

By Sir Leo Chiozza Money

HERE England's glory has his monument,
Who was not of an age, but for all time.
O rare Ben Jonson! had you lived to see
This stone that was for gentle Shakespeare cut,
And these our panting days, you would have learned
How England, in her wealth most destitute,
Does honour to the first of all her sons,
How proudly furnishes his monument
And how, exultant, keeps his memory!

The tale of years had grown to centuries
Since that majestic and immortal mind
Resigned the throne which no man else might fill,
Before, in all our London, there was made
Or mark or monument or bare record
To witness, for his rich inheritors,
In this, the city of his starry dreams,
That men were glad to do him reverence.
A hundred years, and yet a hundred more,
And yet another fifty, and there marched
A very Cæsar to our London gates
Who came and saw and conquered. Millions bowed
Before the great Gottheimer, Baron Grant,
And loved his poems, dubbed Prospectuses,
And revelled, for a space, in realms of gold.
What matter that their drossy dreams dissolved
Or that their money melted? He who schemed
Was built right spaciously, and better knew
The manner of good spending than his hosts.
Had they been asked, those eager citizens,
To raise a shrine to their immortal bard,
They had been chary of their precious gold.
But Albert Grant bought up the Leicester Fields

And stuck at naught in his munificence.
Fontana carved the stone, and chiselled there
The name of Shakespeare—and of Grant (M.P.)
And, so that men might know good reason why,
Cut, deep and true, a very pregnant line
Which fitly crowns so rare an edifice—
That there's no darkness save in ignorance!

So, by its vicar, London granted honour,
So Leicester Square procured its monument,
And so to-day it stands.

See, round its base,
How filthy outcasts lurk upon the bench,
"There is no darkness save in ignorance."
Whose darkness, then, is this; whose keeper, these?
Who school'd these most unfortunate, whose speech
So differs from the tongue that Shakespeare knew?
And these who shout and run, these stunted boys,
These merchants of the pavement, bawling news,
Who soon will be as those upon the bench,
How came consent that they should go that road?
O pity, pity, that three hundred years
After so sweet a singer, there should cry
Beneath his monument, in accents vile,
A disinherited posterity!

Close, within bowshot of this effigy,
Is London's pleasaunce and its theatres.
Here, then, might honour speak in Avon's tongue
And his own chronicle be his monument.
Alas! our stage does hold no mirror up
To make reflection of its chiefest good.
Across the square they feed the public taste,
And know the use of poets. Something bright
Is what the people pray for; give it them:
A splendid playhouse and a spacious stage,
A lavish spending on puerility,
A jingling antic, signifying nothing,
A bait for groundlings and for addle-pates.
Song, dancing, beauty—it was not enough

To make a dullness by abusing these;
Avon must serve the turn of pantaloon,
And "Brighter Shakespeare!" shame an idle hour.
A tippling Hamlet is their brighter theme,
With whisky bottle for chief property,
And, for the final outrage, some buffoon
Put up to mock Ophelia's crown of flowers!
So runs the play in Leicester Square to-day.

No more, no more! I take the golden book
And read *The Tempest*. Fair Miranda speaks . . .

"O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
That has such people in't!"

O may for us,
Enchanting Ariel of the cleansing storm
Blow through our sordid city thoroughfares;
With magic glamouring of faery law
Restore our good birthright of loveliness;
So may sweet Avon have his own again,
And all the godly fancies of his mind
Take mortal shape for our posterity.
Again shall Juliet, passionate as pure,
Deny the lark, and call back Philomel;
Beatrice shall dance beneath her jocund star,
And Benedict embrace his happy fate;
Poor Desdemona sing her Willow, Willow,
For him who loved not wisely but too well;
And Macbeth's tragic queen wring fatal hands
All spotted with the deaths that will not die;
Again shall Hamlet's soul accuse high heaven,
And hot enquire, and still enquiring, pass;
Once more shall Portia and her scrubbèd boy
Indict the Jew before the States of Venice;
Sweet Viola, and all the beauteous train,
Whose very shapes are laud of womanhood,
Garland the gracious women of our stage,
And light their beauty to new loveliness.

Observations on the Theatre*

By Maxim Gorki

I HAVE written altogether, I think, about ten plays. Among these, however, there is not one that really satisfies me.

The reason for this is probably the fact that, before sitting down to write a play, I first construct its ideological framework, and combine beforehand the course and connection of the various comical and tragical events. But, since I am always and chiefly interested in man and not the group, in the personality and not the society, apparently on account of this, and against my will, every play I have written is centred about a man with reference to whom all the other characters of the play stand in a subordinate relation, playing the part of illustrations, and characterising and completing the qualities and faults of the chief hero of the play.

In reality, however, a man does not exist in order to subject the qualities and faults of his neighbour to analysis —although many people busy themselves with such a task, probably because they cannot or will not do anything which carries more purpose!

For the reason above given, my plays acquired a didactical spirit, were saturated with a wordy boredom, and lost their value as works of art. By works of art I mean works in which the will of the author is either absent altogether, or else is so cleverly dissimulated as not to be detected by the reader.

In a play all the characters must act independently of the will of the author, according to their natural and social inclinations; they must follow the inspirations of their "fate," and not of the author. They must of themselves create the different comical and tragical events, by submitting to the power of their contradictive natures, interests, and passions. The author, on his part, is supposed to act like the host at a party to which he has invited

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these imaginary guests; and, without preventing them from tormenting or mutilating one another in every manner, morally as well as otherwise, he describes with perfect composure the manner in which they do it.

If an author takes such an attitude, he becomes capable of writing a play that is a pure work of art—a totally impartial play which merely pictures the struggle of differently directed wills, but is devoid of any moral tendencies imposed by the author. Incidentally, in all European literature I know of no drama that is composed according to this principle. Personally, I should not be able to write on such a principle.

But I think I know of people who could create plays penetrated with an inner harmony. The artificiality in such plays is not discernible—it is replaced by art. I consider the comedy of J. M. Synge, the Irishman, entitled *The Playboy of the Western World*, to be such a play. In it the comical side passes quite naturally into the terrible, while the terrible becomes comical just as easily. J. M. Synge, like a truly wise artist, does not inject his own point of view; he just exhibits the people: they are half gods and half beasts, and are possessed of the childish desire to find a "hero" among themselves. (This is, to my mind, an absurd desire, for every one of us is a hero, if he happens to remember all the victories and defeats he has met with in the struggle for life.)

The characters of Synge act in exactly the same way as people usually act and as we shall probably all act for a long time to come; they create heroes in order to ridicule them afterwards. In Synge's play I feel a subtle irony on the cult of the hero. That irony is not very remote from sadness over the stupidity of mankind, but there is in it, I repeat, nothing artificial; it is merely a pure and lawful irony of facts.

Just as perfect as this play is the *Cena delle Beffe* written by the wonderfully gifted Italian author, Sem Benelli. In this play, too, efforts of the author to hypnotise his audience are altogether absent; all the events in it unroll themselves with indisputable logic, the roused will of the hero becomes his fate and leads him unrelentingly to his perdition. I must admit that I watch the development of modern drama altogether with the greatest of

hopes, and that I do not believe in the people who cry over the decline of dramatic art. Such playwrights as Sem Benelli, the wonderful Jacinto Benavente, the English Heraclites, Bernard Shaw, and two or three more men in Western Europe, will create, it seems to me, a new theatre, up to the present still rather unfamiliar and incomprehensible to the audience.

Knowing subtly how to handle the methods of the old theatrical art, the modern dramatists bring out on the stage all that our tragicomical twentieth century breathes and is tormented with, all that it laughs and cries over. The dramatists I have mentioned fully possess the capacity of true artists: they can stand above reality, they know how to confront facts and characters in such a way that the spectator and the reader can clearly see the nature of the hidden secret powers, the collision of which creates the drama outside the will of the author as well as of his heroes.

Let me recall what I have already said: very often people consider their own stupidity as the ancient "Moira," by creating insurmountable and fatal obstacles out of the easily surmounted trifles of life. This very strongly propagated error probably arises among the people of the twentieth century, from a somewhat sickly imagination, roused by the rush of events, the mad *tempo* of life, a splendid subject for all dramatists! The modern man reminds me somewhat of a toy-maker who has made a mechanical doll, and who is beaten on the head by that same doll; in a sudden terror, the toy-maker forgets that the doll is a product of his own labour, and imagines that a mysterious power is hidden in it. But in our life there is nothing more mysterious than man himself and his creative instinct—I find that this suffices us.

I believe that the dramatists I have mentioned, can see perfectly well the comical helplessness of man in the face of the richness and greatness of all that he has created and is creating. They peer more deeply into life and see it from more angles than did the dramatists of the nineteenth century—psychologists, students of modes and customs, registrars of the trifles of life.

I exclude from these, of course, Henrik Ibsen, and some of the plays of Gerhard Hauptmann.

I think that in spite of this very natural and always

wholesome scepticism as regards the present, the art of the twentieth century is more optimistic, vigorous and active.

The complexity of life increases the number of peculiar collisions and dramatic subjects. The most amusing one is—man, frightened at his own audacity, amazed by the motley entanglements of relationships and events which he himself has created. For this last subject the present political workers are particularly well adapted to play the part of "heroes."

I have recently written a play, entitled *The Judge*, which seems to me to be more interesting than any of my other works written in the form of a dialogue. This does not mean, however, that it is entirely free from didactics. We all strive to teach one another something! With the result, however, that we are taught but this one thing: not to respect the freedom of thought of one another. The reason for this, I believe, is to be sought in the fact that such a multitude of truths has lately been disseminated in the world. Every one of us possesses at least two or three such truths. And everybody tries to fasten his particular truth around the neck of his neighbour, like a collar around a dog's neck.

In that play, it seems to me, I tried to show how repulsive a man can be who is in love with his own torment, and who, therefore, deems it right to avenge himself for all that he has had personally to suffer. But when a man is convinced that suffering gives him the right to consider himself an exceptional being, and to avenge himself upon others for his own miseries, then, to my mind, he does not belong to those who deserve the respect of others. You will understand me if you imagine to yourself an individual setting fire to houses and towns, merely because he himself suffers from the cold!

It may be that British and American theatre managers will not be sufficiently interested in this play for them to undertake its production. It seems to me that among Anglo-Saxons the theory of purifying the soul through suffering is not so popular as it used to be in Russia. I say "used to be," in the hope that Russia may have gone through enough torture to have acquired an organic revulsion against suffering. However, I have no definite idea

on the tastes and tendencies of the contemporary theatre. But rarely do I go to see a play, and when I do it is only after I have made sure that the theatrical performance will permit me to rest from the tragedy of reality which is so abundant in our day.

I should like to see the theatre of to-day as the Pool of Siloam, from which a man may emerge softened and restored physically. I think that the most wholesome theatre is that in which one can gaily and harmlessly laugh over the stupidity of mankind. It is exactly this stupidity that men often consider to be their " fate." It is extremely healthful, for an hour or two, to forget this reality which we ourselves create so heedlessly and inconsiderately, and which, in making us collide one with another, easily breaks our hearts and heads.

A man works so much that he fully deserves a gay and wholesome leisure period. The place for such a rest ought, to my mind, to be the theatre.

In Russia, at the present time, many new theories on the " new " theatre are blossoming forth. The novelty in these theories is always the same: the theatre should be a centre where stage managers compete in wittiness, and should serve as a Procrustean bed for gifted actors. This is not very amusing. It seems to me that the imaginative power of the author, together with the talent of the actor, will always be of considerably greater value to the audience than all the witty artifices of a dozen stage managers.

Islam: A French Interpretation*

By Albert Kinross

The political dealings of the French with their Islamic subjects have long been a matter of curiosity to us who have had to meet a similar problem in various corners of the British Empire. Apparently "everything in the garden was lovely," and the French had solved the secret of ruling over Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco without so much as raising one dissentient voice amid the many millions of Mahomedans who live under the tricoloured flag of the Republic. It is possible, however, that the French, unlike ourselves, were wise enough to keep the difficulties of a difficult situation out of the newspapers, the uninformed comment of which, occasionally venal and paid for in hard cash, has so often obstructed and hampered the labours of our own administrators. The American Empire, one may note, displays a similar reticence, and even to-day the average Englishman is unaware that, beyond the United States, Uncle Sam has the last word, not only in the Philippines, but also in the *soi-disant* republics of Hayti, Cuba, and Santo Domingo, and that, after a considerable expenditure of "blood and treasure," he is to-day faced with requests for "self-determination" and its attendant evils precisely similar to those which rend the airs of Egypt, Iraq, and British India.

Beyond an occasional paper by Mr. Wortham, little light has been thrown on the French end of this affair, and so we may say at once that M. André Servier's volume is a work of unusual interest, admirably translated by Mr. A. S. Moss-Blundell, and effectively introduced by M. Bertrand. Mr. Moss-Blundell retains the French spelling of the Arab names which appear in the original. Thus, for instance, our old friend Ahmed Ibn Tulun

* *Islam and the Psychology of the Musulman.* By André Servier. Translated by A. S. Moss-Blundell. With a Preface by Louis Bertrand. Chapman and Hall. 15s. net.

appears as Ahmed ben Thoulon, and is barely recognisable. Apart from this minor blemish and the absence of an index, we have nothing but congratulations to offer this model of a translator. And we beg respectfully but firmly to disagree with M. Servier where, on p. 258, he informs the reader that "England, breaking away from her customary egoism, has done her best to extend education among the Egyptian people." It would be equally apposite to remark that "England, breaking away from her customary egoism, threw seven divisions into France and Belgium in 1914."

The real trouble with England, however, is not her "customary egoism," but the fact that her educated or semi-educated Egyptians have spread the poison of their "nationalism" throughout the Musulman world, including the French possessions in Africa. M. Servier proves quite conclusively that there is no such thing as *Egyptian nationalism*, the Musulman recognising no frontiers but the frontiers of Islam and his own prowess as a forcible converter. Incidentally, in this connection one would like to see Mr. George Lansbury face to face with one of his Moplah protegés armed with a large carving-knife and an extra amount of missionary zeal. We imagine then that he would sprint from Poplar to the Bank in record time.

The main difference between the British and M. Servier's point of view is that where we believe in the possibility of Moslem progress, M. Servier does not. Islam precludes any such hope, he argues. It is a static religion, petrified, obsolete, unchanging and unchangeable.

"The Egyptian women are going ahead. I don't think the veil will survive much longer"; I quote from a letter I have just received from a friend in Cairo; and this is but one of a dozen quotations I could make in the same direction. One feels that M. Servier, like M. Taine discussing English literature, is not always quite fair to his subject if that subject in any way offends against his thesis.

Could not an Islamic writer, imitating the method of M. Servier, retort that the Christian is static, petrified, and obsolete, and clench his argument by instancing the Prussians who willed the war and have dodged the peace? Or might he not identify Rome and the Roman Church with the doings of the Spaniards in Peru, the massacres of

St. Bartholomew and of Milton's "slaughtered saints," and other more or less similar aberrations? Or, to come to the present hour, what could he not say of a France and an Italy that have left Armenian and Greek to the mercy of the Turk, or the Anatolian peasant to the mercy of Greek or Armenian?

One must do M. Servier the justice to add that he does not write as a Christian, or even as an ordinary human being. He seems to fear these Moslems. We do not; as little as we feared or fear the German menace, a far more formidable problem. The scholar, however, should read this volume for its admirable survey of Arab "civilisation." Never before have we come across a work on this subject so profoundly documented and so convincing in its general, if not in its political, conclusions. To quote from M. Bertrand's introduction:—

> With a patience and minuteness equally wonderful, he proves scientifically that the Arabs have never invented anything except Islam—that "secretion of the Arab brain"; that they have made absolutely no addition to the ancient heritage of Greco-Latin civilisation.
>
> It is only a superficial knowledge that has been able to accept without critical examination the belief current among Christians during the Middle Ages, which attributed to Islam the Greek science and philosophy of which Christianity had no longer any knowledge. . . . Taking Islam from its first beginnings down to our own day, M. André Servier proves, giving chapter and verse, that all we believe to be "Arab" or "Musulman," or, to use an even vaguer word, "Oriental," in the manners of North Africa . . . in art as well as in the more material things of life—all that is Latin, unconsciously, or unknown to the outside world—it belongs to the Middle Ages we have left behind, our own Mediævalism that we no longer recognise and that we naïvely credit as an invention of Islam. The one and only creation of the Arabs is their religion.

As in North Africa, so in India, Syria, and Baghdad. The Arab dressed himself up in the clothes of Persian, Syrian, Greek, or Hindu, and it is the civilisation of these conquered peoples, debased and degraded by the conqueror, that we mean when to-day we speak of Arab art, literature, or science.

Having arrived so far, M. Servier advises his fellow countrymen to "keep in" with the Turk as the least Islamised and therefore the most powerful of Moslem peoples. The Turk, he fondly imagines, will curb and control the Young Tunisians and Young Algerians who to-day question French authority. Personally, we prefer a bolder policy; and Mr. MacDonald, we note with

pleasure, has already made it clear to the Ali Brothers and similar vermin that it is not the intention of the British to clear out of India and the Sudan like whipped dogs and leave three-hundred-odd million peaceful cultivators and merchants to the Moplah or the Afghan or to the cowardice and imbecility of the half-educated Effendi.

In conclusion, may I suggest that some English or American publisher give us a translation of that indispensable writer, Snouck Hurgronje? He is, in his own way, the equal of Richard Burton, Sale, or Burckhardt, to go no further, and it is a standing disgrace to British and American publishing that so far his work remains buried in a foreign tongue.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since writing the above the Turk has somewhat upset M. Servier's argument by deposing the Khalif; that is to say, his Sultan and the pontiff of all True Believers. Turkey is to-day a republic, and horrified "*Ya Allahs*" are now going up from all ten corners of the Moslem world.

One cannot foretell what changes will follow on this event, which may lead to civil wars in Turkey itself, to a new orientation in Turkish religion, or even to a second Latin colonisation of Anatolia. At this distance it looks as though the Freemasons and the Deunmé elements (or Islamised Jews) have, as once before, seized what are called "the reins of power," and heaven alone knows what new foolishness they will commit in the names of Liberty, Union, and Progress.—A. K.

Relativity and Major Rooke*

By Susan Ertz

THE mind of a man in love is a curious thing. Moments of exaltation are followed, as often as not, by periods of alarming depression and doubt. A man may be deeply enamoured of a woman and still—his habits of bachelorhood or widowerhood or some other less easily definable habit of mind strong upon him—ask himself how he has allowed things to drift so far, and whether or not there is still time to withdraw—honourably, of course—from the battle.

So it was with Major Rooke, forty-five, retired, and living in a small flat in that part of London vaguely designated as Clubland. Here he lived comfortably, surrounded by furniture that women smiled sadly at, and dozens of photographs of nephews and nieces. He was a bachelor less through inclination than through indecision. He had withdrawn—honourably, of course—from several prospective battles, declining to engage with an enemy whose position seemed to him so very much stronger than his own. For Major Rooke believed he knew himself for what he was—a man of hesitations, and, as he often said of himself, ineptitudes. His doubts, be it known to his credit, were not wholly selfish ones. He had no faith in his own ability to make a woman happy, or, once made happy, to keep her so. Although a man of the most gentle and kindly nature, he was subject to moods of introspection that produced the gloomiest results. He picked himself to pieces then with cruel fingers, and saw that what was left was the veriest trash.

He doubted, at such times, that he had an immortal soul. He was certain that his hair was much thinner than it had been a year ago. He cut a bad figure, especially

*With the author's acknowledgments for scientific data to Horace G. Hutchinson, author of *The Fortnightly Club*, published by Mr. John Murray.

from the rear, for in spite of long military service he had sloping shoulders. He considered his conversational powers contemptible. He was, take him as a whole, a poor creature, without even the external aid of a large income to give him confidence.

And yet a pretty American widow, intellectual withal, had four times dined with him within two weeks, had gone three times to the theatre with him, and had allowed him to accompany her on innumerable excursions.

They had met in an unconventional way—on the top of a 'bus, in fact, sitting side by side in one of those seats that are too big for one and not big enough for two. And when the rain came, and all the seats below were taken, he, provident Englishman, was able to hold his good silk umbrella over her pretty hat. Americans, he learned, hated carrying umbrellas. It was a national trait.

"And yet," he shyly volunteered, "you don't mind wearing those rubber overshoe things—goloshes, do you call them? . . . and our women won't be seen in them."

She laughed, and with a twinkle in her eye suggested that as their American sisters had smaller feet, they dared to take liberties with them, whereupon he said, "Come, come! You ought to have let me say it."

After that it would have been absurd not to go on talking, especially as heaven provided them just then with a mutual friend, and the opportunity of seeing that friend walking down Knightsbridge.

She was, she owned, a writer. She had come to London to study old houses and doorways, and a well-known magazine was waiting for her articles.

He, he confessed, was nothing at all but a retired soldier who sat on charitable committees and the rest of the time rusted away in his club.

"But there's no need to rust in London," she cried. "Why, there's just everything here to see and do. The lectures alone would keep me busy; I wish I had time to go to all of them."

He agreed that London afforded ample scope to the studious minded.

"I think I would like to live here at least half the year," she said. "You don't realise how lucky you are.

Of course, I love my own country, but my ancestors came from London, and I feel I can claim it as mine—a little bit of it, anyway." She added, "Besides, it claims me—as a mother might claim a long lost daughter."

He descended from the 'bus at Dover Street a charmed man. How quick, how alive, how interesting and interested she was! Dressed, of course, with the miraculous neatness he had grown to expect from her countrywomen. She had gone home with his umbrella, but he had promised to call for it and take tea with her the following afternoon at her hotel. And if anyone were to write of the parts that umbrellas have played in love affairs, they would find themselves running into many volumes; but no one ever will, because no one ever hears of these things.

She was staying at an unfashionable hotel off Oxford Street, and he felt glad when he went there the next afternoon that she was not of the tribe of rich Americans who choose hotels for their high tariff, forgetting that necessity rather than fastidiousness had doubtless prompted her selection.

Hatless, he thought her prettier than hatted. She wore her thick fair hair in a small knot, and he saw that she had a wide, serene forehead which helped to make her face intelligent and thoughtful. She had few acquaintances in London, and quite frankly regarded their meeting on the 'bus as a delightful stroke of fortune.

This story has no plot whatever other than the drama which now began to unfold itself in the mind of Major Rooke, and those who look for sudden surprises and strange coincidences had best leave him and Mrs. Harper to go their own ways.

There is no doubt that from the very first Major Rooke was interested. She was so bright, so alert, so full of enthusiasm. She was, he admitted to himself, what he needed. She was a tonic. She took him to the Tower of London, where he had not been since he was a boy, and made him proud once more of its grim, noble, bloody and astounding history—a history, mark you, that she knew, and knew well. She stood beside him silent and reverent in Westminster Abbey, and once when he looked at her he saw that there were tears on her lashes. That was in

the Poets' Corner, and he was surprised to find how little he remembered it, until he realised with something of a shock that it was fifteen years since he had seen it. The dim loftiness and silence of that perfect building moved him . . . or perhaps it was her tears that moved him . . . and he felt proud of his heritage and at the same time very humble because he so seldom thought of it. Again, as they walked along its aisles, speaking in whispers, he had cause to wonder at her knowledge. She was perhaps thirty-five or six, girlish and yet mellow; and to-day her small black hat, blue cloth dress, and youthful white collar seemed to him very winning indeed.

She turned large blue eyes upon him, eyes that were full of feeling, and said,

"Doesn't it mean—oh, just everything to you, to know that all these things are yours?"

If they hadn't been in Westminster Abbey, he believed he would have said:

"They mean a great deal to me, but nothing compared to what you might mean to me."

But he felt that it was neither the time nor the place for such a speech, and no sooner were they out of the Abbey and into the present reality of a blowy day with a rain-washed sky and large clouds than all inclination to say it vanished for the time being. They had presently to cross vast spaces, avoiding traffic, and make their way up Whitehall to the Cenotaph, for it had become his wish and his pleasure that he should be a witness to whatever emotions these and other sights aroused in her.

Later they lunched at the Cheshire Cheese at her request. Although he knew it quite well himself, it had not occurred to him as a suitable place to which to take a lady. It seemed a City-ish sort of place, because of the sawdust on the floor, and he had had one of the West End hotels in view; but she scorned such a suggestion. She would sit where Dr. Johnson sat, she would eat as nearly as possible the sort of things Dr. Johnson ate, and so they went, and it was one of their most successful lunches.

All this was very pleasant and very merry, and he discovered that he was most surprisingly happy. Then one evil day toward the end of June she asked him to take her to a lecture.

It was a lecture, she said, on the size of the earth, and on man's span of existence on that earth, in relation to time and space—a subject that interested her enormously.

That lecture, he thought afterwards, was, because of its effect on him, one of the outstanding events in his life. He had always thought of himself as a poor thing, but after listening to Professor Brightman for two hours, he saw himself not only in relation to the universe, but in relation to Mrs. Harper, and the sight was devastating.

Some of Professor Brightman's statements must be set down here because of the havoc they wrought in Major Rooke's mind. It must be remembered that his opinion of his own value rose and fell . . . though it never rose very high . . . in accordance with his mood, and if Mrs. Harper had properly understood his peculiar temperament, she would never have brought him to this lecture.

In an attempt to give his listeners an idea of the length of time man has inhabited this planet, Professor Brightman said that as long ago as fifty thousand years Neanderthal man was burying his dead, as ancient burial places proved.

"Fifty thousand years!" Major Rooke made a mental note of this, and then thought how damnably unfair it was that out of all that time he should be allowed only three score years and ten, with luck. And good God! he had wasted forty-five of them already . . . yes, wasted, except for some years of stiff fighting. Two-thirds of the allotted span gone already . . .

According to tradition and legend, Professor Brightman continued, man's presence on the earth covered a space of only ten thousand years.

"That's better," thought Major Rooke, with a curious sense of relief.

"But science," the professor pointed out, "proves that man has been here far longer than that. A hundred times longer. Say," he added brightly, "a million years in all."

Major Rooke looked at Mrs. Harper, sitting close beside him with wide, fixed eyes and parted lips, undaunted by the horror of all this. A million years, he was thinking, to make a Major Rooke! Well, evolution, if it had accomplished nothing else, had at least achieved

woman as she was to-day. Woman, as typified by Mrs. Harper. Intelligent, companionable, and good. Making no wars, hating cruelty and bloodshed, yet forgiving and even loving man, the shedder of blood, even as she forgives and loves the child who breaks things in a temper. Mrs. Harper had spent thirty-five years or so on this earth, inhabited by faulty man for a million years, and had done nothing but good. She had hurt no one; she had not wasted her time; she had improved and was still improving her mind; she kept her lamp trimmed. She was not therefore appalled at what she was hearing as he was. . . .

He supposed he had heard it all before, but somehow it had never come home to him as it did to-night.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she breathed, aware perhaps that he was looking toward her. "A million years! Think of it."

She smiled at him, and again fixed her eyes on Professor Brightman.

He was now talking about Space. Practically every child knew, he said, that it would take light about 6,000 years to travel across such space as the telescope reveals to us. Both Kelvin and Lodge agreed with this estimate. Now this space which the telescope reveals is, of course, only a part of a whole of we know not how much greater dimension—if, he added with a pleasant smile—if it have dimension at all. He then proposed a little sum by means of which they might estimate the extent of this known space. Light, he told them, travels at about the rate of 186,000 miles per second, a speed that even our best trains, such as the London to Brighton, can scarcely hope to reach. He got his smile, and continued. Reduce 6,000 years to seconds, multiply the result—if you can—by 186,000, and you have approximately the number of miles this *known* space is in diameter.

Leaving Major Rooke to struggle with a desire to do the sum in his head and have done with it for ever, he passed on to the size of the earth in relation to this same known space.

The earth would, it appeared, occupy a place in it relatively the size of one eight thousand five hundred and fifty-sixth of an inch . . . and our most powerful micro-

scopes could reveal nothing smaller than one ten thousandth of an inch. . . .

So the earth, Major Rooke gathered, practically didn't exist at all.

Well, he and Mrs. Harper were in the same boat, if it came to that, and quite a number of others beside, but what now struck him with tremendous and overwhelming force was not only his personal relation to the universe, which it hurt his mind to think about, but his relation to Mrs. Harper.

To Mrs. Harper, who *liked* these lectures, who fearlessly drank in these facts. Who supported herself by her pen; who travelled alone, anywhere; who had helped and finally buried an inventor husband; who never wasted a moment of her life; who got the most out of every fleeting hour. And he had thought . . . *he* had thought of proposing to her.

He felt completely crushed by Professor Brightman's universe. Effort, in such a world, could only be puny and ridiculous, especially from the most puny and ridiculous of its creatures. Nor could he fail to appear other than puny and ridiculous to Mrs. Harper. What the earth was to space, he was to Mrs. Harper.

She was here to write articles. She was here to see London. He was a convenient male escort—and a safe one. Twenty prosperous and able men whose relation to the universe was less ridiculous than his own doubtless awaited her on her own shores.

He relinquished then and there all idea of marrying Mrs. Harper. He could hardly believe that he had ever cherished it. Their friendship was an affair of an umbrella, nothing more, and not even the warm pressure of her hand at parting could now make it for him anything but an affair of an umbrella. He returned to his rooms more confirmed in his bachelorhood than ever, thanks to that vile and interesting lecture that had pulled all the new supports from under his self-esteem, producing a mood that was all the blacker because of the brightness that had so lately preceded it.

That Mrs. Harper was capable of understanding and sympathising with this depression of his, never, of course, occurred to him. There was, he now perceived, a vast

gulf between them, and his late friendliness dropped from him because he was certain that she must see him as he saw himself. He even feared that she might frame her opinions of the British male upon her knowledge of him, and his patriotism rebelled against the thought. To offset any such miscarriage of truth he rang her up after a silence of several days and asked her to lunch with him to meet a friend of his named Dwight Braybourne, who was a famous Oxford Blue, a clever barrister, and a man of manly and attractive qualities.

They lunched expensively at one of the best hotels, for Major Rooke felt that his friend Mr. Braybourne might not appear at his best where the food was inferior or the wine doubtful. The lunch was in most ways a success, and if it failed in any respect it failed because Mr. Braybourne did all the talking. He talked very well, it is true. He was full of good, gossipy anecdotes. He sketched the characters of famous politicians, and opened for them the doors of the homes of great men.

He began most of his stories with "As I dare say you know," assuming that Mrs. Harper went everywhere and knew everybody. On learning that she had never met a writer whose name was a household word on three continents he deplored the fact, and said that it should be remedied as soon as possible. She would find that they had, he assured her, so very much in common. Blank was really a most charming fellow, in spite of everything his critics said, and personally there was no one in the world he would rather play golf with.

Certainly he exerted himself to please, as seemed to be his habit, but when he had made his neat and well-timed departure it surprised Major Rooke to hear Mrs. Harper breathe a sigh that was like a sigh of relief, and say:

"Now we can listen to each other."

He thought her praise of his friend remarkably faint, and said as much.

"Oh, he's a fine specimen of a man, I grant you," she admitted, "but too . . . . too perfect for me. I've no doubt he does everything well. I don't much care about that. But I'm perfectly certain that if you were to ask him to-morrow what colour my eyes were or what my name was he wouldn't be able to tell you."

He protested that that was unfair. People often didn't notice the colour of eyes, even in faces they knew well, and as for names, they were always elusive.

"You would have known," she said simply.

That afternoon they walked up Piccadilly to Hyde Park Corner, then entered the park, and presently sat down where the grass grew long and flowered under the flowering lime trees in Kensington Gardens. But in spite of her flattering attention to the few and trite things he found to say, his self-deprecatory mood still had possession of him. And because she, being a woman and intuitive, sensed the distance that his thoughts made between them, she too withdrew a little, and talked of impersonal things, looking away from him, and he, noticing this, told himself that he had been quite right to go slow, it was so obvious now that she cared nothing for him.

So, thanks to Professor Brightman's lecture, constraint took the place of their earlier friendliness, and she got up soon, saying that she had work to do. When he put her on the 'bus at Hyde Park Corner nothing was said of any future meeting, and he walked back to his lonely rooms in one of the blackest moods he had ever known.

Well, that was all over! Obviously he bored her, and the bore, he told himself, is damned. All the doubts that he had of himself were a hundred times confirmed. How was he to know that Mrs. Harper, instead of working, went to her room and looked at herself in the mirror, and asked herself how she had failed, and why . . . and cried a little? And equally, how was she to know that a lecture on the relation of the earth to space had caused this friendship which was to her so pleasant and so—yes, so precious—to take a turn for the worse? These subtle changes of thought and feeling are barely understood by us when they take place in ourselves; how, then, are we to see and understand them when they take place in others?

But women who go to bed pessimists often arise optimists, and Mrs. Harper, after reading *The Times* the next morning, went to the telephone and rang up Major Rooke. After all, there was no real reason to suppose they were less friends than they had been. Nothing had actually happened. And if she had inadvertently hurt him in any way, say by not sufficiently praising his friend

—only it had begun, of course, before that—surely it was her duty to make amends for it. For although Mrs. Harper was full of proper pride, she had also a generous heart that would not willingly give little hurts a chance to grow into great ones.

"I wondered," she said, when each had inquired after the health of the other and had agreed that the morning looked promising, "if you would care to take me to another lecture to-night?"

After what seemed to her an appreciable hesitation, during which she questioned the wisdom of what she had done, he replied that he would, most certainly, and asked what the lecture was about.

"It's by Mr. Reeves Smedley," she answered. "He's lecturing on Present-day Psychology. It's his great subject, you know, and I think it ought to be very interesting."

Major Rooke said that he thought so too, but there was something in his voice that was both unconvincing and unconvinced. Still, she told herself, if he really hadn't wanted to go he could have pleaded another engagement, and she wouldn't, of course, have believed him, and that would have ended everything.

She said that as she was going quite near the Philharmonic Hall that morning she would get the tickets herself. This was agreed upon, on the condition that she would consent to dine with him before the lecture.

"We ought to give it every chance," he said. "It's only fair to Mr. Reeves Smedley to dine well and comfortably before listening to what he has to say."

But although they did indeed dine well and comfortably, it seemed that their first easy comradeship had vanished beyond all hope of recapture. Something, she was now perfectly certain, had happened, but what that something was she had no idea. Nor would her pride allow her to question him, for she would neither show him that she was aware of the change that had taken place nor risk placing him in a difficult and embarrassing situation, from which he could only extricate himself, perhaps, by lying, and she had already discovered that he was one of the world's most inefficient liars.

So when he asked her what her plans were she answered

that it was time for her to think about going home, at which his heart sank, for so far there had been no mention of her return to America. But he pulled himself together and said that no doubt she was looking forward very much to being in her own country once more; and she was so chilled by this that for some time she could find nothing at all to say, and could only wonder, as she had wondered a hundred times before, how things had managed to go so wrong.

But in the face of his politely distant manner she found courage to say:

"It's been one of the happiest times of my life, this visit to London. It's been all and more than I had hoped."

"Ah, well," he returned, "you've accomplished a great deal, and that must add enormously to the pleasure of it. Your articles are going to be a great success, I'm sure of that."

"I wasn't thinking of my writing at all," she said; but this fell on barren ground, and the next words that he spoke were addressed to the waiter on the subject of fish.

The lecture hall was already full when they arrived, for they had lingered, each hoping for some miracle to take place, over their coffee. They found their seats just as the applause which had greeted the lecturer ceased, and were uncomfortably aware that their entrance had delayed for a moment his opening words.

Upon the platform, where such lighting as there was was concentrated, stood a tall, bearded man, one hand resting in conventional attitude upon a table. Through thick glasses his eyes looked pleasantly upon his audience, and he waited, like an indulgent father, for the small, bustling noises to cease before he spoke.

"I shall now be told," said Major Rooke to himself, "that the mind of man is but one degree superior to the mind of the anthropoid ape—whatever he is. Why is it they can never tell us anything pleasant about ourselves?"

But he was entirely wrong. There issued from the lips of the lecturer one of the most comforting and heart-warming discourses that Major Rooke, in his low and uncomfortable state of mind, could possibly have imagined. It seemed as though Mr. Reeves Smedley knew that in the fourth row of that hall sat a man whose very soul was

parched for just such heavenly dew, and Major Rooke sat and drank it in like a thirsty plant, and with every word his belief in himself returned to him.

Although Mr. Reeves Smedley spoke with great respect and deference of Mr. Darwin, he said that he, personally, had never been convinced that the human mind was necessarily a mere development of the mind of the beast.

He believed, he said, that science would shortly discover that the mind of man—with all the qualities which make it superior to the beast's mind—is not only higher, but entirely *different*, and by no means a mere growth or development of that appearance of mentality we perceive in the animal.

We were only on the brink, he continued, of a real knowledge of the mind of man. And he went on to praise that mind and to show the vast complexities of it. As for its possibilities, they were, he believed, unlimited. He thought we were about to witness the dawn of new faculties, hitherto regarded as supernormal. He saw no reason why the so-called astral plane should not little by little penetrate the terrestrial, thereby opening up new worlds for us. If we could only purge man's mind, he said, of mischievous impulses, and instil there instead a belief in its own power and in its own great destiny, to what sublime heights might it not rise?

And after leading them from hope to hope for a fleeting two hours, he smiled, as if smiling to himself, and with one hand grasping his short beard, said:

"Two weeks ago I myself sat where you are now sitting, and listened to a brilliant talk by one of our greatest scholars on the size of the earth in relation to space. In many lay minds that lecture, convincing and enthralling as it was, must have brought about a state bordering on mental paralysis, for it showed with cruel clearness the microscopic littleness of our earth and of ourselves. 'We,' many of you must have said, 'are of less consequence than the louse that lives upon the louse that lives upon the louse that lives in the ear of a field mouse.' But what I want to impress upon you to-night is this:

"Where the scale is so great, differences of size cease

to exist, because we are trying to measure them with the immeasurable. And now let me quote William James to you in one of the most magnificent passages he ever wrote for the comfort and enlightenment of mankind."

He leaned forward and pointed a finger straight at Major Rooke.

"'So long,' says William James, 'as we deal with the cosmic and the general, we deal only with the *symbols* of reality, but as soon as we deal with private and personal phenomena, as such, we deal with realities in the completest sense of the term.'"

* * * * * *

The gentleman who had introduced Mr. Reeves Smedley now rose to his feet in the midst of the applause that the lecturer received and so well deserved, and made a short speech of appreciation and thanks. But all the time he was speaking Major Rooke was saying to himself:

"Private and personal phenomena . . . private and personal phenomena . . . My God! Why have I never heard that before?"

He had been trying to measure himself with the immeasurable, and Mrs. Harper was immeasurable. Perhaps he himself was immeasurable. . . . Differences cease to exist!

He heard her murmur, as if to herself:

"Oh, he gives one new faith in oneself."

So she too had been in need of that!

His heart warmed and expanded, and something wholly new entered into it. His hand, seemingly of its own volition, dropped to the seat beside him and encountered there the small, warm hand of Mrs. Harper. And closed on it. Private and personal phenomena indeed . . . . ! And her hand twisted in his and opened, and their fingers locked, and as that private and personal phenomenon took place their faces turned slowly toward each other, and in the semi-darkness their eyes met, and Major Rooke dealt with realities in the completest sense of the term.

His lips moved, very slightly, but they formed the word "dearest," and her lips moved, and they formed the same word, and heaven, with its vast, with its infinite spaces, opened for Major Rooke, and he no longer felt little, for he was unafraid.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Perfect Peace

"Nice blooming thing that!" said Heddle indignantly. "Magistrate at Ware tells an ex-soldier who's down and out that he oughtn't to talk about the war."

"His Worship's right," replied Sergeant Murphy calmly. "Talkin' about the war's not done nowadays. Cut out the fightin' stuff and get back to the topics of real importance like 'The Linth of Women's Skirts,' 'Is China Tea Good for Sallow Skins?' 'Can Chilsea Escape Religation without Co-optin' Aston Villa?' 'Should Bachelors Broadcatch?' Sinsitive minds, Heddle, want to forgit the horrors of war, with its shortage of asparagus and other necessities, and be the Holy! they're doin' it, and no mistake."

"All fine and large," replied Heddle, "but what was that perishin' magistrate doing when me and you and the rest were up to our knees in mud in the trenches and——"

"There ye go again, Heddle," commented the Sergeant severely. "Ye're little more than a Jingo with your thrinches and battle stuff. Ye belong to the brutal past, whin min didn't undherstand international brotherhood. If an inimy came for you ye'd appeal to his better feelin's with a brick under the jaw. That's why there'll be no room for the likes of you in the comin' State.

"Our policy now is to abolish all war and to hold out a hand to frind and foe alike. We hold it out to Germany and she looks for somethin' hot to plant in it. We hold it out to Bolshevik Russia and she carefully bites it, and thin asks us to cash an I O U on a 99 years' lease. We hold it out to America and she puts on horn spectacles to see that the amount it contains is correct with intherest to date. We hold it out to our gallant and financially casual

Allies, and they adjourn *sine die* with expressions of surprise and regret.

"We rejuice our Navy till a full-grown Admiral thinks it beneath him to take charge of it. We scrap most of our aeroplanes, keepin' just enough for weather observations. We disband the Dublin Fusiliers, tellin' the world that we're niver goin' seriously to war again. Lord! Heddle, fancy the British Army goin' into battle without the Dubs!

"We raise no objection whin a fellah that durin' the war discovered that he'd a conscientious objection to fightin' for his counthry puts up for the Abbey Division of Westminsther, thinkin' he's the wan man to represent 'The Unknown Soldier' in the Abbey.

"We listen with an approvin' smile while a certain Mr. Leach, who's an alleged Ministher for Defince, calmly informs the House of Commons that the policy of hittin' back doesn't appeal to him.

"'Let us, me frinds,' says he, 'insist on turnin' the other cheek to the smiter so that the two'll match. Thrue, there may be unreginerate min in the world who'd come along with aeroplanes and dhrop bombs and upset the thraffic and the like. If they did, we'd larn 'em—we'd mobilise the Plisant Sunday Afternoon Association and the Y.M.C.A. and bombard the crool invader with Hymns Ancient and Modern.'

"Ye remimber, Heddle, readin' durin' the war of how whin the people at home had no defince again inimy aircraft they were told to put out their lights, go to bed, and adopt calmness and composure.

"That's Mr. Leach's idea, too. Only with the new poison gas bombs it'll be calmness and decomposure.

"No wondher the magisthrate at Ware told off thim ex-Tommies for talkin' of war. It takes two to make a quarrel, but wan can make a massacre."

"What's going to happen to the country if we let our Navy and Army and Air Force go to pot?" asked Heddle with some anxiety.

"Did ye ever hear tell," said the Sergeant, "of the man that was plundhered be brigands and left tied to a three? He shouted for help and a sthranger came runnin' up.

"'Let me loose,' says the victim. 'I've been robbed

of me purse and jewellery. Only be a piece of luck was I left a packet of bank-notes hidden in me inside pocket.'

"'Good,' says the sthranger, as he helped himself to the notes and walked away thoughtfully.

"But it's only a tale, Heddle, and if thim seven German chemists that died the other day had actually produced a murdherous poison gas that you can't smell, see, or taste, why should Mr. Leach's faction worry? On the subject of gas——"

Inspiration

By Eileen Hewitt

TOWARDS my slow Consciousness there faintly swell
  Dim waves of Thought and Feeling from afar,—
I heard the thud of water as it fell
  And saw the writhing foam-crests strike a star.
My soul in lonely splendour is the rock
  Meeting the passionate kisses of the spray
Down-shudd'ring like a pale-wing'd startled flock
  Of birds,—a pearly show'r that cleaves the grey
Of lowering skies and stings the patient ground.
  And strange emotions swell this heaving tide,
Sweet half-dreamt dreams, and fancies scarcely found
  Dissolving swiftly in the waters wide
Whose passionate depths move darkly, while sharp-tipped
  With eager thought and ardour climbing high
One wave subdues another, frothy-lipped
  And swollen with the unrest of the sigh
Breath'd somewhere out beyond this dusky shore—
  Our little Earth, an island dipped in space,
Pale, ghostly sea that rolls for evermore!
  And I, like one who trembles face to face
With some majestic vision, close my eyes
  To dim the glory, humanly afraid.
At once, the beautiful, unknown and wise
  Dissolves in chaos, and I wake dismayed.

Bacchics and Anti-Bacchics

By George Saintsbury

LET nobody be afraid that I am going to use these terms of what is possibly to most people the dismal science of Prosody in their technical sense. Nothing could be much farther from my intentions. But the antithesis is obviously capable of being transferred, not without a certain neatness, to a sense of the words which is, on one side at least, the reverse of dismal, though on the other it exceeds in dismalness prosody, political economy, and all other dismal sciences put together.

It happened that, just as this discourse was started in my mind, an announcement, whether true or false I know not, was made that the cellars of the Hofburg at Vienna were to be handed over to a restaurant to assist the very creditable attempts which Austria is making to get out of bankruptcy. Now these cellars had, if I mistake not, the reputation of containing very nearly all—some people think quite all—the genuine "Imperial" Tokay which existed, except what Franz Joseph, unluckiest from first to last of all monarchs in history, might have given away. Tokay is perhaps justly held by the best wine-lovers to be more of a liqueur than of a wine; but it has a sort of gratuitous and symbolical value. "From Tokay to ——" (but it would be rude to specify the other name, which can be adjusted by readers according to taste) has been a not uncommon summing up of the gifts of Bacchus. And no doubt the other contents, representing not merely Austrian and Hungarian wines, but those of Germany, France, and Spain, were not unworthy of "Sir Ausbruch," their small but Napoleonic leader. It is true that to a doubting mind doubts never fail to present themselves; and that opportunities for doubt are rather obvious here. Do revolutions usually leave cellars and such-like repositories intact? What became of the twenty thousand matchless Havanas—gold-wrapped and worth more than their

light weight in gold—which Marshal Prim gave to Napoleon III. not long before the collapse of the Second Empire and the brief triumph of the Commune? And with a cellar there is possibly a worse fate than mere disappearance or unworthy consumption. Suppose somebody, taking a lesson from Thackeray's "Froddylent Butler," were to have filled the bottles with sham Tokay, false Johannisberg, Algerian Clos Vougeot, Tarragona Port? One shudders at the notion!

But let us not, as the greatest of she, and one of the greatest of he-and-she, novelists says in one of her greatest scenes, "Let us not take such a gloomy view." Let us rather think of what the Hofburg cellar might have contained, and very probably did contain, at least in part, if its cellar-masters were worthy of the great but perilous monarchy which so long enjoyed a sort of paramountcy among European States, and which did keep, if in rather unstable fashion, the central equilibrium in Europe which has now been destroyed. We might—assisted by the almost fabulous longevity attributed sometimes to German as to no other wines—go back indefinitely, and become altogether too voluminous. But think what superlatives in the way of the "body of Bacchus" (this is really wine) this cellar might have held during the long tenure of its penultimate Lord from its ill-starred beginning to its worse-starred end! Only a few of the vintages before 1850 with which he must have started shall be mentioned. But it *must* be mentioned that *all* his Madeira, if well selected, must have been of a quality which it has proved impossible since to replace. There, too, must have been the great Comet ports and clarets of 1811; the equal or greater port of 1820; "Waterloo" sherry, and the famous wines of '34—the port scarcely ready yet, the claret in perfection, the sherry just starting a *solera* the results of which are considerable and continuous still. But these, except the last, are mere second-hand memories. Let us now come to real things, as another novelist—and another great one—said when the conversation had been busy with unimportant things, life and death and such-like actualities, and he wanted it to turn to his own novels. "*Passons aux choses réelles. Parlons d'Eugénie Grandet.*" How many of the wines of later date than 1850 that one has tasted,

and how many that one has not, must have reposed in these Viennese caverns!

Except '47 port, some Madeiras, and some sherries, I do not myself remember tasting any wines older than this middle point of the nineteenth century; but of later vintages I have already elsewhere talked a good deal, and we need only summarise here from a special point of view and with a special object. It is improbable, though possible, that the Hofburg cellar contained anything like that mighty store of port, part of which was vulgated after Queen Victoria's death, and from which she had not long before, to the at least legendary horror of her puny latter-day advisers, apportioned two bottles apiece to the sailors who figured at the Diamond Jubilee. But what chances were those from '51 itself—perhaps peerless, certainly unbeaten—to 1912! Sherry in most parts of the Continent has been less popular even than port; but the old connection of Austria and Spain ought to have told here. So ought another close connection—that with Burgundy—have told in Austria, as it certainly did in Flanders, though the name-giving part of the Empire had wine of its own and the dependency had none, or none worth speaking of. Neither could other wines of France fail, from champagne to claret (though it would not have been called claret in the cellar book), and from the wines of the Loire and its neighbourhood (which some good people like) to those of the Rhône, which only bad people dislike. Not to be tedious, if that Emperor Francis—whom Heaven doubtless would have preserved had he resisted the Prussian influence which had always been fatal to his line—if he had asked me to choose from what he probably had forty years ago, I should have chosen '51 port, sherry and Madeira some fifty years old, Romanée Conti of '58, and Lafite of '64; German wine at the cellar-master's recommendation, champagne of '65, and Tokay again as recommended to follow all. Had he repeated the invitation a year or two before the War came " with the curse on it " as in Greece of old, it would have been '90 port, no Madeira, sherry of proportionate age to the other, '93 champagne Mouton Rothschild, Clos Vougeot, Château d'Yquem, and again Tokay (more as a compliment than for choice) to follow as before.

But, it may be said, this is rather piffle; have you nothing more to the point to say? I think I have.

Is it not obvious that the astonishing variety of wine, besides the mere pleasure which the drinking of it gives, besides even the physical benefit—which all practical experience and nearly all non-fanatic science acknowledge as accompanying its intelligent and moderate use—enlarges in the most remarkable degree that *comparative* faculty, the exercise of which underlies not merely all æsthetic, but all intellectual enjoyment and well-being? It is not for nothing that the enormous majority of men of great artistic and intellectual powers have been wine drinkers; and it is in the highest degree irrational and unscientific to put this down to mere fashion or custom of the time. Fashions that endure for thousands of years are not mere fashions—they must have something to do with truths everlasting to all practical extent. And, as a matter of fact, everybody who has himself been accustomed to "take notice" of things must have observed certain facts. Absolute teetotallers, except when they find that they *cannot* take liquor—there are such unhappy folk and they are quite right to submit to their infirmity—are either fanatics (that is to say, sufferers from a sort of *paranoia* on one or more points) or what are called "test tube" doctors (I would rather trust myself with an intelligent general practitioner of twenty years' fairly large practice than with the most pluralist of prizemen from London or Edinburgh who has given up general practice) or in some cases eminent surgeons (more of this presently) without a physician's experience; or people who have had unlucky experience with relatives (here pity comes in again); or honest persons who cannot afford the present outrageous contribution to State expenses; or very feeble folk indeed, possessing wits insufficient either to enjoy moderation or to avoid excess.

As for the "eminent surgeons," such as the late Sir Victor Horsley, a very wicked person with whom I am rather well acquainted has an agreeable and rather plausible theory on that subject. "You see," he says, "*their* business is to operate. Now I believe it to be true that a body which has never, or very rarely and scantily, been subjected to the influence of alcohol *can* be cut and

carved with less danger than one which has undergone that influence. The latter is more highly developed and strung; its nerves are finer. The former is in a far more rudimentary state, and if you cannot exactly multiply it by scission as you can with other low organisms, you *can* cut and carve it with little fear." There may be a good deal in this, and it keys on very well to what was observed of the last and most numerous class of abstainers, that their characteristic (very charitable people may say "their excuse") is a certain sluggishness and inertness of brain. This may be observed also in some who are not teetotallers but who are entirely indifferent to the quality of what they drink. Every lover of wine, who has been fortunate enough to be able now and then to give his friends something a little out of the common, must have had the corresponding ill luck, now and then also, of meeting with guests who neither know nor care to know what they have been drinking. Injudicious hosts, instead of letting such creatures alone, sometimes ask their opinion; the answers, if it were worth while, might be classified rather curiously. I think the most hopeless of all is, "Oh! very nice, thank you." But whatever form they take they always show, in corresponding varieties and degrees, dullness and obtuseness of mind and taste, dislike or incapacity of intellectual and sensual exertion; inability once more to perform the greatest, perhaps, of all operations of *homo sapiens*—comparing, distinguishing, and giving a reason for the distinction.

But the anti-bacchic doctor-men, even some of them who are not absolute Pussyfoots and allow Bacchus in moderation for his exhilarating and comforting effects, declare that he "depresses," "degrades," "impedes," "slackens" —a dozen accusatory terms are used—the higher faculties of the mind. Now it is, of course, very unpleasant to appear to claim some experience of the exercise of these higher faculties of the mind in one's own person. From the Pussyfoot point of view I probably have *no* higher faculties, having dissipated such very small portion as was originally my share by riotous living and the use of the accursed drug alcohol. Well, let it be so. But what one need not be ashamed of claiming, and what cannot be denied, is that I have had—as schoolmaster long ago for

eight years, as professor recently for twenty, and between the two as examiner, co-examiner, contributor, co-contributor, and at least assistant editor of newspapers and editor to no small extent of books—quite unusual opportunities of observing the play of those faculties higher and lower. One result of this—if of course not unique, certainly not very common—extent and variety of such experience is that I absolutely deny the possibility of obtaining any trustworthy result in such a sense, favourable or unfavourable to alcohol, by such experiments as those the details of which have been published, or by any others which I can even imagine as possible. There are two points or sides on which I am prepared to support this denial. The first concerns the results supposed to be obtainable from comparison of alcoholised and unalcoholised exertion of the faculties, higher or not, of the mind. The second is the reasonableness of attributing such difference, even if apparent, to the consumption or non-consumption of alcohol itself. Yet it is on such experiments and on the flimsiest of other arguments that the Pussyfoot attack is based.

Nearly four years ago the Board of Education, as no doubt is widely though by no means sufficiently known, issued a "Syllabus of Lessons for Use in Schools and Notes for the Assistance of Teachers as to the Hygiene of Food and Drink." It may be questioned whether such a subject is a subject for school teaching at all, being essentially a "home" one; but let that pass. When the pamphlet is examined by any critical eye it becomes at once evident that, though there is a little about food and a very little about drinks non-alcoholic, the whole thing is a camouflaged and very badly camouflaged attack on drinks that *are* alcoholic, putting forward only views antagonistic to them, adopting theories as facts, and abounding in the use of propositions, universal at least in appearance, which if true at all are only true in part and in particular, and suggestions if not of the false at any rate of the unproven. Even the "Prefatory Note" by Sir George Newman, though also evidently drawn up with great care as a window-dressing or curtain of moderation, contains such things as this:—

"The statement of facts now made has been prepared

after much consideration, and is accepted by leading physiologists."

By *all* leading physiologists, Sir George?

"The question of the misuse of food and its abuse is not less important than the question of the abuse of alcohol."

Bravo! But when we come to the body of the syllabus the use and abuse of food has nine pages and that of alcohol thirteen.

"Emphasis should be laid not so much on the dangers arising from the non-observance of the laws of health as on the fitness and well-being which follows their observance."

Bravissimo! But when we turn to the text we find that not only the pages devoted to the misuse of alcohol but those which should be devoted, as in the case of food, to mere explanation of its action are crowded with horror-mongering details about the evils of *excessive* drinking—evils which nobody denies—and with question-begging statistics which, even if they were not question-begging, would be utterly out of place in elementary schools. A copy which I have had for some time, and have read critically over and over again, is marginalled thick with detections of suppression of the fact and suggestions of the non-fact. But there is no room here for more about it except for one amazing instance of the logic of Pussyfoot. "*Since sufferers from insanity are liable to become rapidly addicted to excessive drinking, intemperance can sometimes be regarded as a symptom of insanity.*" I have been accustomed for many years, indeed for some three-quarters of my long life, to examine very carefully utterances of all sorts—historical, political, literary and other—from the point of view of logic. I do not think I ever met with a fallacy more obvious and pyramidal.

Well, after this partisan pamphlet had been foisted on the youth of the country at the public expense for some years, a book appeared in which the subject was examined on its merits by learned and really leading physiologists of England and America, Professor Starling among them. Instantly Pussyfoot put his claws out. He was not content to argue against the very moderate conclusions of the book in favour of equally moderate and rational consumption

of the terrible "drug." (By the way, isn't caffeine a drug?) "Who paid for this dreadful book? Had it been refused by one publisher?" What hideous machinations were there behind its appearance? That these things had absolutely nothing to do with the soundness or unsoundness of its arguments; that its actual publishers were in the very first rank of their class; that the propagandist "White Paper" had itself been produced and distributed by the very dubious application of the public funds, went, of course, for nothing. "Chops and tomato sauce" are sufficient to prove an offer of marriage.

Yet Serjeant Buzfuz did get a verdict; and America found itself dry before the more rational members of the community had the slightest suspicion that they were to be forbidden anything but excessive wetness. The foisted-in school syllabus (part of which is avowedly based on a discourse on alcohol by itself, which had in the same strange manner got itself issued by His Majesty's Stationery Office) used by an unskilful teacher would merely bore children; but there is, as is well known, a strong tendency among elementary teachers towards fanatical propaganda, and a skilful one might do much mischief with it. Our enormous constituencies are less trustworthy than ever, and it is not too much to say that the personages who woo them are not exactly increasing in trustworthiness. "Labour" has not, it would seem, as yet entirely lost its common-sense in relation to beer; and the results of Local Coercion attempted in Scotland have been so far not unsatisfactory. But the enemy is tireless, utterly unscrupulous, and, like all fanatics, really and in a sense honestly inaccessible to reason. The enormous taxation of spirits, the not quite proportionate but still high prices of wines, and the poor quality of the cheaper beer act as shoehorns to draw on forced abstention and disuse, so that voters who would drink if they could have no particular incentive except reason and charity—noble but weak things!—to trouble themselves about securing to others blessings which they cannot share.

Therefore let persons of wits and taste shock Mr. Leach, M.P., by "keeping their powder dry" in order to keep their mouths decently wet, as well as for the other purposes so shocking to that honourable (or is he right

honourable?) gentleman. Let us still have beer,* the best *quantity*-drink of a thirst-quenching character, tea being fully admitted in proper places as a second. Water quenches thirst very slowly; and if you wish to behold the disgusting sight of real intemperance you should observe a water-drinker with his carafe. Nature has not, as with alcoholic liquors, provided a "thus far and no further," and the consequent excess is frightful. Let us keep our wines to make glad the heart, exercise the taste and intelligence, and promote thankfulness to the giver as instrument and the Giver as source. Nor let us grudge paying part of the taxes that Pussyfoot ought to pay in order to obtain the doubtless more easily abusable but comfortable, convenient, and, if properly used, perfectly harmless things called spirits, evidently because of the agreeable and valuable effect they have on other things designated by that name. Good things once lost are very rarely recovered, and a few persistent fools have before now succeeded in destroying what men who ought to be wise have been too lazy to preserve.

* Has anybody ever illustrated the *Anabasis*, not with the everlasting picture of people tumbling over each other, and nearly over a precipice, shouting "Thalatta!" but with one of a stately Greek soldier sufficiently depicted to show the expression of his face as he drinks for the first time the *oinos krithinos*—BEER? But the question, if not the performance, must have occurred to others.

Local Option

A Reply to Lord Salvesen

By Viscount Astor

I HAVE taken no part in the Scottish temperance controversy, and only reply now to Lord Salvesen because experiments for the solution of the drink question cannot be limited to any portion of Great Britain in their results. England can learn from Scotland. Scotland might even profit from English ideas, though I naturally hesitate in suggesting this to Scotchmen.

Lord Salvesen allows one strong point in favour of the principle of the Scottish Act in so far as he agrees that it has established machinery whereby people can vote on clear issues through a referendum, without being influenced by the personality of political candidates or confused by the thousand and one issues present at all General Elections. According to him, under Local Option "party politics were, for all practical purposes, eliminated from the contest." Any such machinery should command the support of all who want to take the temperance question out of politics and who desire cleaner politics.

It is impossible to reconcile the interest of the nation with that of those who make profit out of selling intoxicants on a competitive basis. The brewers, distillers and spirit merchants must try to stimulate demand and increase consumption. The brandy merchant who sells least brandy goes out of business ruined. The distiller who sells most whisky makes a fortune. The community's interests, however, require the control and the checking of the consumption of alcohol. The heads of the churches, prisons, police, medical profession, and social workers work to moderate and regulate drinking, but every legislative or administrative proposal, whether it be to keep children out of bars, or to stop night drinking, or to abolish the heavier drinks, is opposed by the Trade. It is not

suggested that its individual members are wicked, but economic laws compel them to seek for more drinkers and stimulate more drinking. No one could say, for example, that cocktails are not harmful, but try to abolish them and the whole Trade will oppose, as they attacked the Bill that proposed to keep children out of bars. For there is money in cocktails, just as there is in developing the drink habit among the young. In short, the drink Trade is one organisation standing together to stimulate the consumption of alcoholic liquor, and by the use of political power to protect its existing rights to make the largest possible profits by so doing.

The principal method of encouraging sales is not, of course, by the publican or his assistants pressing extra glasses over the bar upon customers who have already exceeded their due proportion. It is rather by widespread, subtle and costly propaganda. As well as the ordinary newspaper advertising, the electric displays and posters on the hoardings, the cinema is now being utilised. One Trade paper refers with satisfaction to the fact that in a London music hall nearly 3,000 people every afternoon and evening have recently been entertained by a film "pushing" champagne. The attractions of both port and brandy are also being presented to the public on films now being exhibited in the largest music halls in Great Britain. Another new phase of the campaign has been that wine, spirit, and brewing traders have joined in a co-operative scheme of publicity. One whole-page advertisement in a London daily had a heading, "A Well-ordered Life Needs Alcohol," and by means of quotations from prominent medical men it was argued that "Science proffers the Evidence." The quotations, in many cases wrenched from their context, were skilfully designed to assist anti-temperance propaganda as well as to increase the profits of the individual advertisers. Such are some of the ways in which to-day the Trade endeavours to find more drinkers and augment their turnover.

This propaganda has been vastly increased recently. But, in reply, because of the evil results of alcohol, which is a factor, though obviously not the only one, in the creation of crime, physical and industrial inefficiency, venereal disease, premature death, domestic unhappiness, poverty,

and cruelty to children, there is a growing temperance movement varying in strength as the social conscience of the nation awakens or slumbers. Its existence threatens profits, and so forces the Trade to organise politically to resist it.

In every constituency in England there is a drink organisation. At every election candidates have to face the alternatives of supporting the views expressed by the heads of every Christian denomination in the country on temperance, or of pledging themselves against the churches in the Liquor interests, and giving up their freedom of action and liberty of judgment in Parliament. Many a good man has failed because he chose the former course, and lost the votes which the Trade control, and the subscriptions to party funds which individual members of the Trade contribute. Many a less scrupulous candidate has succeeded because he succumbed to the temptations held out.

We know on the evidence of a late Prime Minister that the Trade is so powerful that it has often beaten Governments. Because I have been behind the scenes and have seen the extent and ramifications of the Drink Caucus, I consider the political menace to be far more serious than the physiological effects of alcohol. Even during the war, with the force of public opinion roused to self-sacrifice, the Central Control Board had to confess in an official memorandum submitted to the Government in December, 1916: "In many areas, and those the areas in which excessive drinking is most prejudicial to efficiency, the Orders now in force admittedly do not and cannot produce their full effect on account of the inherent difficulty under present conditions and with the Trade as now constituted, of securing the compliance of the public and the Trade." Even at a time when "Dora" was in force, and when drink was a menace to our national safety, this official report makes it clear that the Trade—its vested interests, its potential profits, its political influence—was itself the main stumbling-block to reform.

How much more is that the case to-day, when the Trade regards not only public-houses, but also social clubs, as shops in which to sell their products. Lord Salvesen says in his article that the so-called workmen's

clubs in England are in many cases "mere drinking clubs." To the brewer or spirit merchant a club is as useful an outlet as a public-house, and attempts are being made to organise drinking clubs as auxiliaries. The Trade seems now, in fact, to be suggesting to club members that their motto should be "Our drink, our politics," rather than our country, or our party, first. The extent to which this club movement intimidates Parliament was clearly shown by the flabby attitude of many of the Labour members on the Welsh Bill. The Prime Minister was right when he wrote recently that the Trade was the greatest source of corruption in public life.

I write feelingly as a Conservative. My party is supposed to support religion. Now I regret to say it occupies the unenviable position of being the only party which on Licensing represents a sectional rather than a national interest, and which officially opposes the legislative policy (Local Option, Control of Clubs, and Sunday Closing) jointly put forward by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Roman Catholic Cardinal, the Free Church leaders and the head of the Salvation Army. Because it is in a great measure the brewers' and spirit merchants' party, any Conservative who supports the Churches' temperance policy is attacked or cold-shouldered by "Trade" Conservatives, or by those Conservative M.P.'s who, their hands on their hearts, announce that they "own no brewery shares," but nevertheless owe their position in public life largely to the backing of the Trade.

This is not surprising. I know of cases where clergymen have been threatened with the loss of the support of a wealthy pew-holder vendor of intoxicants if they undertook active work in the cause of temperance. I could quote cases, both in London and the provinces, where attempts have been made to influence the policy of newspapers by withholding the revenue of drink advertisements when such papers took a line in support of the Churches' policy. It is natural, therefore, that politicians should be subjected to this same pressure.

These facts are very relevant and fundamental to the issues raised by Lord Salvesen. As one of the biggest brewers once put it, "The Trade cannot reform itself."

Drink, then, presents not merely a physiological, an economic, a moral and a social problem, but the country is faced with a very real political danger so long as intoxicants are sold on a competitive basis, and while those who have invested money in the business enter municipal and national politics on the basis of "Our Trade, our politics."

No one who has been in public life imagines that *any* Licensing legislation, whatever its character, can be easily passed. Lord Salvesen assumes his proposals for the repeal of the plebiscite clauses of the 1913 Act, and for alternative legislation facilitating structural alterations in public-houses, and the giving in certain cases of greater security to publicans, to be practical politics. I am convinced he is wrong. His proposals would be most bitterly and strenuously opposed in and out of Parliament.

In these busy times it would not seem worth facing this turmoil unless some real solution were achieved. There is a strong feeling in Scotland, in Wales and in England for the principle of Local Option. To attempt to abolish the Scottish Act as Lord Salvesen suggests would be a direct challenge to the whole of this zealous sentiment.

How many Scottish M.P.'s ventured to include such a proposal in their election address last year, and how many candidates at the next election, who want to enter Parliament, will be prepared to advocate the repeal of the 1913 Act? So far as an English observer can judge, Scottish opinion as a whole is certainly not against the principle of Local Option, and would not return a majority of candidates who advocated its total abolition. This statement does not mean that there is not a strong desire to amend the Act.

What are the chief proposals for alteration put forward —in many cases by conflicting interests? The "reduction" choice has proved a failure, for it has not been used. Indeed, as Lord Salvesen observes, the closing of redundant houses does not effect a proportionate diminution of drinking. If this option had been carried in successive polls, there would in such districts now be drinking under overcrowded conditions. This has nothing to recommend it.

The framers of the Welsh Bill evidently thought the voting areas in Scotland too small. Small areas increase boundary difficulties and make it more difficult to judge of the result of experiments.

Further, the Scottish Act is felt by many not to be watertight. As Lord Salvesen notes, it favours the wealthy clubs as against the public-houses of the poor.

Lastly, it offers no alternative as between closing down and "no change." There are temperance reformers, as well as many neutrals, who believe that intoxicants can be provided without many of the evils associated with the present system. So far Lord Salvesen can count on much support. It is only when he expounds his proposals that I and many others differ from him.

Lord Salvesen refers to the Bill Lord Wemyss introduced last summer into the House of Lords. A more extraordinary Bill I never saw. Electors were to vote on a fourth option of "Reform." But what "reform" meant no elector would have known, and the Bill did not state. Voters holding irreconcilable views might have voted for the abstract idea of reform. Nothing would have, or could have, happened if a majority had done so. No law would have been changed automatically by such a vote. No new principle would even have been established. A might have thought that he was voting for disinterested management; B for the beautified pub. in private hands, and C for "light wines and beers" and for the abolition of spirits. But no one could have told, after a poll from a vote on "Reform" under the "Scottish Public-house Reform League" Bill which of these alternative policies the electors had voted for. No wonder the measure was hastily withdrawn.

In his article in the ENGLISH REVIEW for February, Lord Salvesen, however, defines his proposals more exactly. They are (1) repeal of the Scottish Local Option Act, (2) weakening the powers of the licensing justices, (3) the granting of "preferential treatment" and security of tenure to such licence holders as undertake to provide a "limited selection of foods," non-alcoholic beverages, and to bring their houses up to a "required standard," presumably structural.

Lord Salvesen does not define what he means by a

"limited selection of foods." Neither he nor any Bill could do so. Would it suffice if there were on a counter a row of plates with biscuits, nuts, and chocolates? Obviously, such foods would last for long, even in what he calls a "sordid drinking bar," without tempting the drinker or inconveniencing the man who made his profits out of whisky. The Carlisle experiment has shown that, even where the system of management has been changed, there is not in every house an economic demand for meals. A majority of the houses in Carlisle are still merely places where people go for intoxicants. The so-called "trust" houses in England prove the same thing. No "trust" house company has acquired the whole of the licensed houses in any industrial town, nor if they did do so would they undertake to run a profitable bun, chop, or ginger pop business in *all*, or even in most, of their houses. Lord Salvesen practically admits that under his proposal the large majority of houses would not be touched, and would continue to be what he calls "mere drinking bars." There is no such widespread demand as would enable all licensed premises to be converted into cafés, for the majority of our people favour family life, and take their meals at home instead of in public restaurants, as is done so much on the Continent.

Under Lord Salvesen's scheme the owner of a public-house might honestly intend to do a big restaurant business, say, half food and half drink. He gets his certificate and rebuilds his premises. But the food business fails through no lack of good intention on his part. Instead of 50 per cent. of his trade being food, it is only 10 per cent. or even less, If he decides to give up this unprofitable part of his business, after he has invested capital in structural alterations and cooking facilities, is he to lose the security of tenure offered by Lord Salvesen and for which he has risked so much capital? If not, why should his drink shop have a security not possessed by a neighbour who runs a clean licensed house decently, but has had no illusions about there being an economic demand for meals in his locality?

Or take another possible case under Lord Salvesen's proposal. A dishonest man wants security of tenure. He proposes to spend on redecoration just, but only just, as

much as will obtain him a certificate. Having obtained it, he goes through the pretence of selling hot cooked food. His books show a loss on this side of the business, and he comes down to biscuits and cheese and a tea urn on the counter. Can the magistrates withdraw his certificate because he refuses philanthropically to lose money on steak and kidneys? It would be grossly unfair to expect the publican to do so, almost as unfair as to give this man a security denied to an honest competitor across the street who had not hoodwinked the justices.

Lord Salvesen has missed much of the lesson of Carlisle. The experiment has, as he asserts, "secured the approval of an overwhelming majority of the local clergy of all denominations," largely because the business success of the man behind the counter no longer depends upon his selling as much drink as he can. I well remember visiting Carlisle soon after its liquor business had been taken out of private hands, and noticing the apologies of a publican because his sales of intoxicants had gone down. He expected a black mark, which undoubtedly he would have received under private ownership from the brewery to which he had been tied. An interesting example of this factor in temperance reform may be found in the War Cabinet's report for 1917. It is there stated that in Glasgow, under private ownership, it was found necessary to "order the licensees not to include in the payment of their assistants any commission on the sale of liquor."

Carlisle has provided a real object lesson. It has shown both the value of associating food with drink and also the limited use made of licensed premises for the purpose of eating meals. It has proved that a system of disinterested management can be applied successfully to a whole town. But it has done much more than this.

In Carlisle none of the money made out of drink goes to secret organisations which intimidate politicians who advocate temperance. In Carlisle the local Conservative candidate is in the happy and unusual position of being able to support the Temperance Council of the Churches without being threatened with the loss of a fat cheque from the local brewer or spirit merchant, for these gentlemen no longer exist. In Carlisle a clergyman can talk temperance without being threatened with the loss of a local

wine merchant's donation to the "Assistant Clergy Fund"! In Carlisle the local paper may boldly write about temperance in England, or prohibition in America, or disinterested control in Quebec. The private brewer, the spirit dealer, are no longer there to threaten the withdrawal of drink advertisements. In Carlisle there are no external advertisements to suggest, and lure and tempt. In Carlisle, alone in all England, during the war we stopped the sale of spirit over week-ends: not only this, but no complaints were made. The agents of the Trade were not there to work up discontent, and to urge the working men that they were being robbed of their rights instead of letting them patriotically make sacrifices for their country.

It is no wonder that the War Cabinet, which it should be remembered included Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Curzon and Lord Milner, stated that in Carlisle reforms had been effected which were impossible in the rest of the country. Carlisle has helped to prove the impossibility of reconciling the Trade's interests with the national interest.

Lord Salvesen's proposals would, in short, effect none of the real gains that are associated with the system of disinterested management which has existed at Carlisle since the autumn of 1916.

His repeal of the Scottish Option Act would not stop the movement, which has been carried on for the principle of an *ad hoc* referendum in every single portion of the British Empire, and has succeeded in practically every Dominion. Lord Salvesen would bring drink once again into active politics in Scotland and cause legislators and candidates to be subjected to the same pressure now so constantly applied to politicians in England. Lord Salvesen's attempt to repeal would intensify instead of pacifying the conflict.

I gather that, in fact, Lord Salvesen realises the advantages of the Carlisle system of disinterested management, but does not see how to raise the necessary capital to give areas the power of disestablishing by compensation the private liquor interests.

Opinion in England is moving in the direction of the Bishop of Oxford's Bill, which gives an option on disinterested management, and indicates means for financing

the scheme. Three years ago the Bishop of Oxford introduced the Liquor Popular Control Bill into the House of Lords. This provides a basis for reform and experiment where such is desired, and is consistent with the legislative policy of the Christian Churches. In 1922 the Bill was introduced into the Commons, backed by representatives of all parties.

The Bishop of Oxford's Bill gives every town, as a unit, and every other large area the right of voting either for No Change, or for No Licence, or for Reorganisation. If a town votes for Reorganisation, a statutory body (rather like the Port of London Authority or the Mersey Dock Board) takes over the whole of the drink business in the area. By means of a local committee, consisting of justices and councillors, it decides which licensed houses are superfluous, how houses should be redistributed, and which houses should be converted into restaurants. All public advertisements of drink would be abolished, and publicans would have fixed salaries independent of the amount of alcohol sold. No money could be used for political subscriptions.

The existing owners would be given terminable annuities representing the value of their interest whether as shareholders, brewers, etc. These annuities would be paid off out of profits as these were earned. Carlisle has proved that where a monopoly exists for the supply of an article for which there is a demand, a huge profit can be made even on a decreased sale. In Carlisle two breweries now perform the work of four, and sixty per cent. of the public-houses suffice to meet the needs of the drinking population. The costs of production, of distribution, and of overhead charges have been enormously cut down at Carlisle by reorganisation. This could also be done elsewhere. Carlisle is directly under a Government Department, but the method of control under the Bishop of Oxford's Bill through a statutory body appointed by, and with its duties laid down by, Parliament, but independent of Parliamentary control in the day-to-day routine management of its business, is to my mind an improvement.

The Bill adopts the principle, commended by Lord Salvesen, whereby the Trade are compelled to pay premiums into a national pool, out of which they can be

compensated for the value of their licence if shut down under a No Licence vote before the expiration of the time limit. So, as Lord Salvesen says, "no injustice is involved" with dislicensing.

And lastly, even the poor ratepayers are cared for under the Oxford Bill, for provision is made whereby the cost of polls can be met whenever possible out of the Compensation Fund into which both the levy and the profits are paid after previous claims are met.

Every fair-minded person would admit that there are three, and only three, schools of thought: those who want private ownership (with or without the structurally altered public-house), those who want No Licence, and those who believe that disinterested management provides the solution. (A policy of shorter hours or of higher prices—through taxation—is not an alternative to private or disinterested ownership, and, under private ownership, merely goads the Trade into increased political agitation by threatening their profits.) Anyone who has tried to convert an opponent, whichever group he belong to, by mere argument, will have realised the utter futility of such a course. Why not facilitate experiments in these alternatives? Try them side by side. Let people compare them. Judge by results. Local Option—particularly a measure like the Bishop of Oxford's Bill—takes drink out of politics and entrusts the people with the power of adopting whichever policy is the best, after they have had an opportunity of scrutinising actual alternatives in operation. Lord Salvesen's proposals, on the other hand, would entirely prohibit experiments, would run counter to the legislative principles adopted in the British Empire and by English Church leaders, would strengthen the political power of the Trade, and retard any such scheme of disinterested control as he seems to favour in theory. The Bishop of Oxford's Bill enables localities to work out their own salvation as their conscience is aroused or their critical faculties convinced.

[*An article on the Public House Improvement Bill, by Lord Lamington, appears on page 545.*]

The Position in the Coal Industry

By J. Ellis Barker

At the annual meetings which took place some time ago the chairmen of the great banks, who possess unrivalled facilities for observing the state and trend of commerce and industry, expressed very optimistic views as to the economic position of the country and as to the prospects. There was, indeed, every reason to anticipate better times. The Franco-German difficulties seemed to be in a fair way towards settlement; the position in Russia was improving; the activity of commerce and trade all over the Continent was returning; the United States had experienced the best year ever known; the Dominions were prospering; South America was doing well; and last, but not least, there were distinct signs of a revival in the British industries. The number of unemployed had been steadily decreasing for a great many months, foreign and domestic orders were increasing. All indications justified the optimism of the great bankers.

During the last month or two the economic horizon has become overcast. The advent of the Labour Party has been greeted by a series of strikes which may destroy the returning prosperity in the bud. The business of the nation has been brought to a standstill, first by the engine drivers' strike and then by the dock strike, and now there are troubles in the coal industry, in the engineering industry, and elsewhere. Unless these difficulties are promptly settled there will be, not a return to prosperity, but widespread and unparalleled unemployment and distress, and the party in power may be held responsible for that great calamity.

The trouble in the coal trade is particularly serious because the coal industry is the key industry of key industries. Industry and commerce are dependent upon power to drive the machinery. Cut the power off and the whole national machinery comes to a standstill. In this country

dependence upon coal for power purposes is far greater than elsewhere. In the United States, in Canada, and on the Continent of Europe falling water supplies millions of horse-powers, and in America oil is used for power purposes on a much vaster scale than over here.

The majority of people, when hearing of a coal strike, think of the difficulties created among millions of private people who will be deprived of the necessary fuel. The difficulties of the householders are not the most serious consequences of a coal strike. The quantity domestically used is comparatively small. Only about one-eighth of our coal production is thus employed. The remaining seven-eighths keep our factories, railways, gas works and electrical works going; they provide our overseas shipping and our coastal shipping with the necessary fuel, and they furnish a most important portion of our exports. The weight of our coal exports vastly exceeds the weight of all other exports combined. Besides, coal represents in value a huge sum, and the proceeds of the coal exported come back to us in the shape of bread, meat, cotton, wool, and other absolutely indispensable materials.

The standstill of our coal industry leads to the standstill of the economic life of the nation. It inflicts incalculable losses, not merely upon a section of the community, but upon the community as a whole. It is as great a disaster as a foreign war. Moreover, the greatest sufferers from a coal strike are not the mine-owners and miners, but are those who are no parties to the quarrel. Both mine-owners and the workers employed by them may argue: "A stoppage will not hurt us in the long run. The nation requires a certain quantity of fuel and the deficit created by a strike will have to be made good when the strike is over. So we shall regain after the strike what we have lost during the strike." The British coal industry has the monopoly of the home market, and both employers and employed may take a strike relatively lightly. However, the coal-using industries and trades have no similar monopoly for their productions. Our exporting industries will be crippled, and foreign markets lost by them to their foreign competitors may be lost for ever. Moreover, our foreign competitors are bound to obtain a much stronger hold upon the British home market than they have at present. The shops everywhere are filled with foreign

goods which British labour might produce and ought to produce.

Both coal owners and miners' leaders should realise their responsibility towards the nation as a whole. Commerce and industry have suffered very severely in the past owing to the differences between masters and men. The nation is sure to hold responsible those who are recklessly inflicting the most serious sufferings upon millions. Besides, the two sides of the quarrel are very much mistaken if they assume that they run little risk in fighting, that the profits or the wages lost during a strike will be made up for when it has been settled.

The British coal industry has the monopoly of the British home market, but it has no similar monopoly of the very important foreign market. British coal goes to the ends of the earth, and the quantity exported is twice as great as the vast quantity used in private households. At present England dominates the coal markets of the world, but British domination may not continue very long, especially if there are troubles in the British coal trade.

Not so very long ago Great Britain produced more coal than all the other countries of the world combined. However, during the last decade or two coal production abroad has increased very fast, while British output has augmented very slowly. At present the United States are producing coal at the rate of 700,000,000 tons per year, while British production is less than 300,000,000 tons. The mining outfit of the United States enables them to produce 1,000,000,000 tons per year with existing machinery, while Germany can produce approximately 300,000,000 tons of coal and lignite with her present appliances.

Lately the British coal industry has been in a very favourable position, owing to very exceptional circumstances. A prolonged strike in the United States created a huge deficit, forced the American mines to concentrate attention upon supplying the home market, and handed over the foreign coal markets of the Republic to this country. At the same time, German coal production was very seriously curtailed by political troubles, universal ca' canny, and the occupation of the Ruhr Valley by the French, which brought coal production over there to a standstill. In addition, French coal production was kept down by the destruction of mines during the war, and

Russian coal production had declined very greatly in consequence of Bolshevik disorder.

That favourable period has apparently come to an end. The American mines are producing at the rate of 14,000,000 tons per week, and they can easily raise production to 20,000,000 tons per week by employing the miners full time. Dissatisfaction among the American miners is largely due to the fact that as a rule they are employed only during two-thirds of the year. Their discontent could most easily be allayed by producing more coal. However, in view of the limitation of the home market American mine-owners would have to export coal in large quantities, and this is, indeed, their ambition. Countless books, pamphlets, newspaper articles and speeches have urged that course.

Although the American coalfields are separated by considerable distances from the sea, there is an important coal export trade from the United States. Transport of coal to the sea border has been cheapened to the utmost by giant trains, automatic loading appliances, etc., and very costly installations have recently been completed for the purpose of conquering the coal export trade of the world. American coal used to be much dearer than British coal. It is now much cheaper than British coal, because the American miner produces per day from four to five times as much coal as the British miner. In the American mines there is no ca' canny and no hostility to labour-saving machinery. At present coal sells in the United States at $2.25 to $3.25 per ton.

The British coal export trade is threatened not only from the United States but also from Germany, the coalfields of which are most favourably situated for exporting the mineral to the various Continental nations. German coal production is rapidly increasing. Untold millions have been put into the improvement of machinery. The French coal mines are approaching the completion of repairs, and in Russia also the coal industry is reviving.

The differences in the coal trade have sprung up at the very moment when the good times hitherto experienced by it are visibly coming to an end. What are these differences about? Nominally they are about wages. The miners' leaders claim that the miners should receive the same real minimum wages as in 1914, that they should

receive the pre-war wages augmented in accordance with the increased cost of living, so that the recipients of these wages should be as well off as they were before the war. The desire of the miners that they should receive the same, or better, real wages as they obtained in 1914 is not unnatural. At first sight it would appear that these wages ought to be conceded to them. However, we must ask ourselves: Are the conditions of work unaltered or not? Can the mining industry afford to raise wages as desired? If the mining industry cannot pay these wages should the State make up the deficiency?

As stated before, coal production per worker is far higher in the United States than over here. Production per worker per day came to 3.78 tons in 1918, 3.83 tons in 1919, and to 4.0 tons in 1920 in the non-anthracite mines which furnish the bulk of the fuel. In this country output per man per shift is less than a ton, and while it has been increasing rapidly in America in consequence of the introduction of improved machinery unrestricted by ca' canny, it has been steadily declining over here during the last two decades. In 1913 output per man per shift came to 21 cwts., by 1922 it had declined to 18 cwts., and during the September quarter of 1923 to 17.4 cwts. There seems little justification for demanding pre-war pay unless it is balanced by pre-war output. Equal pay for a substantially lower output per worker would not be fair to the vast majority of the people who are suffering quite seriously enough from the scarcity and dearness of coal.

Many years ago an attempt was made to establish harmony in the mining industry by basing wages upon the selling price of coal. The result was that the strongly organised miners found it in their interest to make coal scarce and dear, and they have continued that policy ever since. Besides, in certain portions of the coalfields a deliberate attempt was made to ruin the owners by limiting output in the hope that the ruined owners would abandon the mines to the miners. The campaign which has for its motto "The mines for the miners" has by no means been abandoned, and the plausible and apparently justified demand for pre-war wages in respect of an unnecessarily low and deliberately restricted output may be considered as part of that campaign.

Miners' wages are by no means low. Besides, unem-

ployment is unknown in the mines, and, in addition to substantial wages, miners receive coal gratis, or almost gratis, houses at nominal rates, and other valuable concessions which add to their earnings. The easiest way to raise their wages would consist in producing more. Then the industry would be able to pay more. Their present demand would wipe out the whole of the profits, and land the existing mines with a deficit of about £10,000,000. The prospective yearly deficit would be very large indeed, and it would become huge if British coal prices should fall in consequence of a decline in world prices, a decline which is by no means unlikely. The financial problem would therefore consist in indemnifying the owners and making good the deficit. The two items combined might come to £40,000,000 a year. As income-tax and super-tax combined bring in about £400,000,000 a year, concession of the miners' demands would involve an increase of the income-tax by 10 per cent. if the miners' claims should be made good from that source.

The mining industry cannot pay the wages demanded because the coal produced will not yield these wages. Wages per ton of coal have practically doubled since 1913, having risen from 6s. 4d. per ton to 12s. 2d. per ton. If the miners are entitled to higher wages than their produce will bear, then agricultural labourers, building labourers and other workers may also claim more than the produce of their industry. The whole nation will demand far more than it produces, an absurd and impossible claim.

The mine-owners are obviously willing to meet the miners' demands as far as possible, but it is not in their power to pay away money which they cannot possibly obtain by the sale of the coal. Consequently the demand made upon the mine-owners is really a demand for a subsidy made upon the nation, and the strike threat is not aimed so much at the mine-owners as at the Government and at the nation as a whole. That should be clearly understood. The hotheads among the miners have not abandoned their ambition of expropriating the owners, and they are still in favour of a form of nationalisation which is summed up in the motto "The mines for the miners." Herein lies the danger of the position.

Public House Improvement

By the Rt. Hon. Lord Lamington

The purpose of the Public House Improvement Bill is to transform the public-house from its present condition, which is largely that of a mere drinking bar, into a reputable place of all-round refreshment for the public.

It would conduce substantially to the spread of temperance, as well as to the general comfort and well-being of the community, if the houses in which excisable beverages are sold were developed into real public refreshment houses, with due provision for the consumption of other beverages, besides those which are alcoholic; of food, where the demand exists; of comfortable seating and other accommodation; of conveniences for writing letters, telephoning, etc.; and of entertainment, such as games and music, adapted to the locality and the class of customers. The whole appearance and tone of the house should, and by the intelligent and effective carrying out of these improvements would, be changed for the better to such a degree as to bring about a complete transformation of the public-house, making it of real social utility.

Temperance is an individual virtue, and therefore can only be practised in conditions of individual freedom. This applies to temperance in the consumption of fermented and distilled beverages as to other forms of temperance. In regarding temperance in its social aspect this fundamental principle must be kept in mind, and forcible restrictive or prohibitive measures must not be relied upon to encourage the growth of temperance, except that the State as a coercive institution is entitled to prosecute punitive measures against public and disorderly drunkenness, and to take such steps as may be necessary to maintain public order.

One clause of the Bill provides for the issue of an "improved public-house certificate" to licensees whose premises

are not merely places for the consumption of intoxicating liquors, but contain adequate provision, in view of the character of the house and the

wants of the neighbourhood, for the supply of other refreshments, and are airy, commodious and comfortable, and have proper seating and sanitary accommodation, and contain provision for suitable recreation.

And a further provision permits houses which have a restaurant business to supply their customers for an extended period when those customers are having supper. Children may be permitted in improved houses, as they will be of such a character that a man can properly, as is done on the Continent, take his family with him. But the Bill contains safeguards against any improper use of the privilege in houses not sufficiently transformed.

There are in this country some 82,054 public-houses and similar institutions in the hands of private traders, and the problem is how to obtain their transformation. Here it is that the State can assist. It can remit taxation so as to encourage the commercial enterprise involved in the process, and it can lighten its heavy and unnecessary and often harmful burden of regulations so as to make the transformed house a workable idea. To that end small financial inducements are offered to the owners of licensed premises to embark their capital and enterprise upon improvements of the character adumbrated in the Bill by offering a rebate of one-half the licence duty, and remission of the compensation charge to holders of "improved public-house certificates." Such rebate would only bring the duty back to what it was before 1910, and the remission of the compensation levy is obviously just, because there would be no purpose in closing improved houses, and it would not be fair that their owners should pay compensation for the closing of unimproved houses.

The loss of revenue which will result from the rebate on the licence duty would form but an insignificant item in the total revenue of to-day. The total revenue from these licences is in round figures about £3,000,000, so that even if every house in the country earned the "improved public-house certificate" the loss would not exceed £1,500,000, an entirely inconsiderable sum to pay for a valuable social reform. But were 10 per cent. of existing licences to receive certificates, the gain would be a great one, and it is, indeed, inconceivable that the Legislature would regard £150,000 as too heavy a price to pay for transforming the present-day public-house into a reputable place of public refreshment, where from its

nature excess would be heavily discounted, and temperance thereby substantially encouraged.

It is almost incomprehensible that, on any grounds, this Bill could fail to receive sympathy from anyone who wishes to improve the conditions under which the people live; nevertheless, in certain extremist circles criticisms have been made. One objection is that the Bill is a "brewers' dodge." The answer is that very few brewers take any interest whatever in it. Another objection is that public-houses will be given an air of respectability which may cause young people to frequent them; but surely if public-houses were reformed young people would be brought up to look upon them as real houses of refreshment, and the incentive to visit them for drink alone would be thereby removed. Then there is the idea of some well-meaning objectors that the improved public-house would be very attractive, and the frequenters, therefore, apt to drink more. Is it not a truism that decent surroundings encourage decency? Excessive drinking would be discouraged by the actual surroundings.

The Public House Improvement Bill passed through the House of Lords in 1919. It was again introduced in the House of Lords in February this year, and passed its Second Reading by 66 to 22 votes. Unfortunately the Labour Government opposed the Bill, but it is difficult to understand their reason, as the Government now in power claims specially to represent that large portion of the electors which uses public-houses. Facilities could easily be given in the Commons, but in view of the Government's attitude they can hardly be hoped for.

The passing of the Bill should put an end for ever to the idea upon the part of licensees and owners that their business is to sell beer, and nothing else, except cheap spirits; upon the part of some licensing justices, to the idea that the public-house is an evil, and the publican's enterprise to be checked at every point; upon the part of the public, to the notion that entry into a public-house is a thing to be ashamed of; upon the part of temperance reformers, to the theory that public refreshment and recreation must be dissociated from the consumption of those beverages which are good and harmless in moderation, which all the world has always demanded, and which have Divine sanction.

Housing

By Edwin Evans, J.P., L.C.C.

President of the Property Owners' Protection Association of London

It may be that my more than forty years' experience as a surveyor will lend some interest to my views of this absorbing problem. During that period I have been engaged professionally and personally in the buying, selling and laying out of building estates in all districts of inner and outer London. Up to the time of the war I had been responsible for miles of new roads, and the erection of many thousands of houses, mostly of the small class, such as might be described as "houses for the people," the cost of building which was from £150 to £1,000 each.

It is a matter for profound regret that housing has become a party question, and the cockpit of political battles. Eminent public legislators have lost their seats in Parliament over it, and less known men have won theirs. In Scotland candidates gained seats as a result of a legal decision which cost some £2,000 to obtain (Kerr *v.* Bryde), which entitled a tenant to recover from his landlord the increased rent permitted under the Rent Acts if the landlord had not determined the tenancy by serving a notice to quit. (Had he served it, by the by, it would have been quite useless and inoperative, as by the Rent Acts the tenant had security of tenure, so the cry was "Vote for McTavish and save your rent!") However much this condition of things is to be regretted, it has to be faced, because the question of the extent to which the credit of the country is to be pledged in order to house the people is a political one, and inasmuch as probably 95 per cent. of the voters are tenants, as against 5 per cent. of owners, the outlook from the property owner's point of view is distinctly discouraging.

There are, however, some facts as to which all sides are agreed. First of all, there is no dispute as to the shortage of housing accommodation. This shortage, no doubt, causes the most suffering to what are generally described as "the working classes," but no one seems to

have accurately defined what is "working class." The latest and most unsatisfactory definition was that of the Minister of Health himself, Mr. Wheatley: "A man who cannot afford to buy his own house." I venture to hope, most earnestly, that this will not be accepted as a true definition, otherwise the provision of housing accommodation for all those in this position is bound to exceed the financial resources of the country, and to go far beyond what is generally termed "the working class."

Another fact that all shades of opinion agree upon is that slum houses and overcrowded areas are a menace to both the health and the morals of the people. As a former Vice-chairman of the Housing of the Working Classes Committee of the London County Council, I have visited, from time to time, thousands of such houses, and have returned from these excursions with a heavy heart and a feeling of hopelessness.

If the whole question were one of housing only, it would be a comparatively easy one to solve, viz., by turning up the various reports made by the County Council for London and the county and local authorities elsewhere, already on record, and reckoning up the number of houses required, their cost, and preparing a scheme for building houses year by year until a sufficient number were erected to house all the people decently. I will not venture to estimate the cost of this, or to say more than that, in my judgment, such a proposal would involve a burden of taxation upon the people of this country quite uncarryable. Already our national burdens have reached a stage beyond that of any other country in the world, standing at a figure which is responsible for the crippling of industry, and one of the main causes of the chronic state of unemployment.

You can tax an industry to such an extent as to have the effect of closing it down altogether, and driving it into the hands of foreigners in countries where taxation is lighter. You can tax a shopkeeper until his profits, after paying the demands made upon him, are insufficient to enable him to keep the shutters open and carry on. You can tax beer until it is unsaleable; even now the beer drinker swallows three pennyworth of tax with one pennyworth of beer.

The housing problem, however, involves many other considerations, one of which is seldom touched upon, at any rate by politicians, being too unpopular and far too dangerous for platform utterance. I am, perhaps, one of the very few who have dared to refer to it publicly, and then, I confess, only to sympathetic audiences who have some respect for my personal safety. I refer to the question of the habits of the people. Heaven knows we want better houses, but equally insistent is the demand for better people to live in them. I am thankful that I am not a politician. If I were, I doubt if I could even write this article in THE ENGLISH REVIEW. I have contested several elections, and won seats on the London County Council from time to time during the last twelve years, having part of the time represented Wandsworth, and, for some years past, South Battersea. In the course of much severe and boisterous heckling I have, with great caution, endeavoured to point out to many audiences the two aspects of the question with which I am now dealing, viz., houses for the people, and people for the houses.

I have endeavoured, as comes quite natural to a man of my profession or business (an auctioneer), to tell the undiluted truth to my hearers. An amusing incident happened at one of my election meetings, which I think is worth relating. Amongst many other hecklers was a very insistent voter, who, after repeated attempts, put the following question to me:—

"Do you think it is right for a landlord to leave the roof of a house in such a leaky condition that my old woman has to sleep in bed with an umbrella up?"

As I happen to manage a large number of houses in my constituency, I smelled trouble at once; but in order to pacify my questioner I said in reply:—

"I certainly consider such treatment very bad. I fear my friend has struck a very bad landlord"; to which my heckler replied:—

"Well, guv'nor, I live in one of your houses."

This by the way; but returning to the subject and further to illustrate my point with regard to the habits of a certain section of the people, happily not too numerous, it may be observed that out of 7,000 houses provided by the London County Council during 1921-22

and 1922-23, not more than about 5 per cent. of those displaced by the clearance of slums have been rehoused. There are many reasons for this, most notable of them being the inability to pay the rent charged, although these rents are uncommercial and the new houses entail a loss to the community averaging about £50 per annum per house.

I am quite aware that these statements and expression of opinion do not solve the problem, but still they may be helpful in considering a question so vital to the people of this country.

The Minister of Health's remedy, viz., to provide 200,000 houses a year at a cost of £500 each, and let them at 9s. a week, seems quite impossible, from a financial point of view at any rate, unless, indeed, the country is prepared to meet a loss of about £30 a house per annum, or roughly six millions a year. In ten years two million houses would entail an annual loss of 60 millions a year, or a final capital loss of £600,000,000 (six hundred millions). Can the country face such an expenditure? This is one aspect of the case.

Now for the practicability of such a proposal. I venture to say, with some knowledge of the subject, that it is quite impossible, and a Minister of the Crown ought to know this; the absence of such knowledge is likely to lead the country astray. There is, in fact, neither labour nor material available for any such scheme, nor is there likely to be for many years to come. This public announcement by the Minister of Health has already caused an appreciable rise in the cost of materials. Bricks, my builders tell me, have already gone up 5s. a thousand. Bricks are the largest proportion of the cost of material necessary for building houses, and recent tenders therefor, as compared with similar houses on a similar site, and on the same specification, a year ago, have gone up over 30 per cent. Besides this there are, at the moment, before the 200,000 houses a year scheme is launched, neither sufficient bricklayers, plasterers, nor other skilled workmen to meet the present needs. These wild cat proposals, impossible to carry into effect, are simply window-dressing dummies, and it will be found that the goods cannot be delivered.

Turning again to the question of cost, the building operatives are asking for more wages, guaranteed employment for 20 years, payment for what is known as wet time: in other words, for time during which it will be said work cannot be continued owing to weather conditions. I am not arguing whether these demands are reasonable or not, but that such conditions, if conceded, will enormously increase the cost of building goes without saying; and so, in proportion, will the estimated loss of £30 per annum per house be increased, and the colossal capital loss mount up from 600 millions to heaven knows what.

I agree with many of my friends on the London County Council that we are suffering from a low and impoverished conception of the standard of housing in bygone years, the lack of supervision and restriction of construction, from the jobbery and snobbery of the Early Victorian period, perhaps the ugliest and most neglectful period of any, a condition of things now happily passed away. But to attempt, within five years of the ending of a terrible and disastrous war, which has put the financial clock back at least half a century, to right the wrongs of the past hundred years in ten or even in twenty years' time, is, in my judgment, an impossible task.

I am afraid my readers will be getting impatient and wondering if any suggestions are to be made for a remedy.

I feel some trepidation in dealing with this phase of the problem, because I fear that my views will not appeal to those who, like Dr. Addison, demand that houses must be provided, whatever the cost and whatever the loss. If I cannot accept this view, I hope I have already written enough to acquit me of the charge of any desire to shelve the problem or to leave things as they are. On the contrary, I agree that something must be done, yet I cannot approve of proposals which involve such excessive expenditure out of a depleted Exchequer, and for which there is a quite insufficient supply of labour and material. Briefly, my suggestions are as follows:—

1. To confine the housing policy to the provision of houses suitable to the low wage earner, and to proceed with these at a pace compatible with the country's

resources, leaving entirely to private enterprise the provision of larger houses, for which no subsidy of any kind is necessary, as is proved by the fact that more of this class of house is now being built without subsidies than at any time, even before the War.

2. To economise in planning schemes by increasing the number of houses to the acre, but at the same time increasing open spaces in rear positions which will not require roadmaking or sewering, and which spaces should be kept in decent order, and maintained by the occupiers.

Terrace houses in blocks are much more economical in building than detached or semi-detached houses, and equally healthy. In Westminster, where I live, there are thousands of self-contained flats with from fifty to a hundred dwellings to the acre. I agree they are within easy reach of fine open spaces. These are no doubt maintained at great public expense, but I hold this is not necessary in suburban districts, where often Nature is at its best, and trees abound.

3. To replace unsatisfactory buildings in town industrial districts, as opportunity permits, by properly planned blocks of dwellings, such as the London County Council have already provided, and suitable for those of the working class, who, from the nature of their work, must live near it.

4. Whilst the standard of housing unquestionably requires to be raised, a great effort must be made to raise also the standard of the habits of the occupants, and both aims should be pressed simultaneously.

5. The encouragement of the acquisition of new industrial areas in districts well outside the great cities, and the provision of travelling facilities thereto.

6. An immediate Government scheme for the training of youths to become skilled in the building trades, and a more generous recognition by trade unions of the necessity for the utilisation of the labour of these young people.

7. *A return to piecework payment of wages, so that a good man can earn the good wages he deserves.*

8. No further interference with the present Rent Restriction Act, which, on the whole, is working satisfactorily, and the alteration of which is not generally demanded by the people, but is merely a vote-catching

proposition. The present Act should be abolished as soon as housing conditions permit. It is urged by many that as new houses are not subject to this Act, or even affected by Mr. Gardner's new Bill, now under discussion (which I hope will have been dropped altogether by the time this article appears), no harm can be done to private building enterprise. With this view, I could only agree on the assumption that the provision of working-class houses is to be permanently recognised as a State obligation. I am, however, still hopeful that later, with the advent of better houses and better people, even working-class houses may again become an investment suitable for the savings of the people, and that normal or stabilised conditions will return.

So long as the State interferes with free bargaining in houses, whether old or new, dealings in them will be unpopular and unattractive.

I have endeavoured to view the situation from a practical point of view; some will think merely from a commercial standpoint. I consider that the State has already accepted too many obligations, and that many of these should rightly be upon the people. We have far too many takers and too few putters.

The suggestions I have outlined, I fully appreciate, are open to much criticism, and, it may be said, indicate a policy of delay, and perhaps even of despair, yet I venture to think they may be the halfway house at which it is often wise, and, indeed, necessary, for the traveller to halt when on a perilous, long and dangerous journey. That the State, or even municipalities, should permanently become the landlord of the people will, in my judgment, keep the country and its inhabitants in the hands and under the heels of officialdom, notoriously extravagant and wasteful, crushing the natural desires and aspirations of individual effort, which, in my opinion, is the salvation of a great nation.

Anti-Zionism and the British Palestine Mandate

By Herbert Bentwich
("*Philo-Zionist*")

SAMUEL BUTLER, when he wrote his *Hudibras* two and a-half centuries ago, went out to make war against Shams—whatever in any way professes to be other than it is—and it is strange that Mr. Ashbee, in his attempt to portray "Political Zionism without the Rose-coloured Glasses," should quote just this poet-satirist in support of his own thesis. He writes in friendly tone, but with a strong personal note, and he does not always do himself, or others, justice. Instead of the rose-coloured glasses he prefers the distorting mirror, and so we have some strange reflections. He is against the religious-Romantics, therefore against the Evangelical Christians or their equivalents the Anglo-American Protestants, therefore against the Zionists with their rose-coloured glasses, therefore against the British Palestine Mandate—and all for love of the Philistines, who to this day, apparently, are predominant in the Land of Israel.

We, the "Lovers of Zion," are in good company, and I suppose we shall still have to go on fighting the Philistines, whether we find them tented and turbaned in their original habitat, or frock-coated and silk-hatted in Western drawing-rooms. Matthew Arnold, that great enemy of all the tribe, has described them in one of his favourite formulæ as having "A defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, and a low type of manners."

One does not wish to be unkind to the late Civic Adviser to the Jerusalem Administration—he may have his private grievances, and, indeed, there are indications in his recently published *Note Book*, which has been so

badly treated by the critics, that he has—but when one studies the *Note Book* to find out the true inwardness of the article, one cannot help coming to the conclusion that its author belongs to

> A sect whose chief devotion lies
> In odd perverse antipathies,
> In falling out with that or this
> And finding somewhat still amiss.

And when this "New Light" denounces religious romanticism as "A dark lanthorn of the spirit" one asks oneself whether it is so certain that a balanced judgment on complex political and racial problems is only to be expected from the Realists. Their successes, as the world shows, lead to the conclusion that in all probability the men, "with early Biblical training" or "the believers in direct fulfilment of the Prophetic Books," could not have done much worse.

There is a serious purpose, though, running through all Mr. Ashbee's diatribes, and he has to be treated seriously. Apart from his challenge to the religious idealism of the Jew, he is opposed to the Balfour Declaration, with its promise of the re-establishment of a Jewish National Home in Palestine; he descries everywhere "preferential treatment" of the Jews and "injustice to the Arabs" (his article is full of that); he dislikes the "dominating spirit" which underlies the Jewish claim; he suspects Zionist effort, with its mixture of philanthropy and economics; he is all for the frank abandonment of the British Palestine Mandate—unless, indeed, it is "readjusted" to meet his anti-Jewish views, and the demands of his Arab clients.

Dashing as is Mr. Ashbee's attack—the brilliancy of his style is inclined to dazzle the reader, with or without rose-coloured glasses,—one looks through the article in vain for any solid foundation for it. He talks of the "dead religion" which is at the heart of Zionism and has secured for it a world-wide sympathy. And he derides the simplicity of the British officials and others who have been won to a support of the movement by their belief in the fulfilment of the Biblical promises crystallised in the last five verses of the Book of Amos. He prefers the attitude of those who more and more assume the pose of "scientific

humanists" as "the old Puritanism through which they first brought tolerance to Jewry goes out of them." And if one asks why, it is not because of any fault in the Jews themselves, but as a consequence of the work of the Higher Critics, of Gunkel and Jülicher and their followers, who have displaced the ancient faith and directed the searchlight upon the bases of Judaism itself. It all sounds very German, and is rather reminiscent of the utterances of the ex-Kaiser, who, after Friedrich Delitzsch's discoveries, said that he would not mind seeing the nimbus of the Chosen People diminished a little.

But there is more than this in the indictment. The Zionist romance is to be discouraged because of its "unsound history." Let us take our history from the critic himself. Says Mr. Ashbee—and it is his only contribution to the historical side of his argument—"The Arabs, *so called* (my italics), the peasantry of the country, are the descendants of those original inhabitants whom the Jews never succeeded in absorbing, and by whom they were ultimately expelled." It is news to me that the Jews were ultimately expelled by the Canaanites; I thought it was the Romans. But let that pass. It is better to find oneself even in partial agreement with the late Civic Adviser on his main proposition, that the fellahin, who constitute 85 per cent. of the present population of Palestine, are only "Arabs, so-called," and are not really Arabians at all, but the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants whom the Israelites failed to dispossess. No doubt there is a considerable infusion of Jewish blood in them, for we know that the Prophets—and especially the later ones—were never tired of inveighing against the intermarriages between the Israelites and the people of the land. And perhaps that is the reason why, in fact, between the new Jewish settlers and the peasantry of the country there is no unfriendly feeling, no race antagonism, and that—apart from a small section who are misled by a foreign agitation—there is no opposition to the new, any more than there was to the old, Jewish settlement. There are still, however, gentlemen abroad who like to indulge in the mediæval sport of bear-baiting, and in Palestine this takes the pleasant form of setting Arab against Jew, the feud—if feud there be—being almost exclusively of

outside origin. Hudibras has something apposite on that, too:—

> This feud by Jesuits invented,
> By evil council is fomented;
> There is a Machiavellian plot,
> Though every nare olfact it not;
> And deep design in't to divide
> The well affected that confide
> By setting brother against brother
> To claw and curry one another.

But what of the real Arabia and the real Arab claims? No Zionist denies them. But the Arabs of Asia and Africa, in all 38 millions, have already a land, at least twenty times as large as Great Britain, without trenching on the claims of the Jews to be restored to their own ancient land. Arabs are living in Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Egypt, *Arabia*, Syria, Mesopotamia—all immense countries with room for fifty times as many Arabs as exist in the whole world. Palestine has never been the political and religious centre for them which it has been for the Jews. The Arabs, so-called, have made nothing of Palestine: 80 per cent. of the land has been unused under their *régime*. The rest has remained in the hands of a few Effendis, the same ones who actually, and for good reason, are the leaders of the anti-Jewish propaganda. Palestine has less than thirty people to the square mile, whereas there are over 300 in Italy, over 600 in England. Does the late Civic Adviser prefer to leave the land empty rather than let the Jews go there? They are engaged in something unheard of, viz., the rebuilding of the Motherland by its colonies in the Diaspora—whereas the ordinary way of colonisation is the inverse. This is one of the circumstances of the present movement, which should convince even the balanced judgment of a Realist, that there is something special happening.

But there is a third count to the indictment. In addition to its dead religion and its unsound history "the romance has," says Mr. Ashbee, "its spurious economics." To prove this, and it is the only example he gives, Mr. Ashbee recounts "the parable of the Palestine gardens," which reveals the terrible economic mistake of the Zionists in supplementing the wages paid to a few of their immigrants who were employed by the Jerusalem Municipality,

so as to enable them to maintain their Western standard of life as compared with that of the native labourers. The *naïveté* of this tremendous charge in face of the conditions prevailing at home here, where we are accustomed to provide work for the unemployed at a "living wage," even if the expense falls on the whole community instead of being borne by a few "Romantics," is only paralleled by the cruelty of its *dénouement*, the dismissal of the subsidised Zionist workers and their replacement by others, non-Jews, who were not moved by "the romance." It was friendship of the Arab labourer, I suppose, which kept him going at his old low rate of wages; it was unneighbourly, I gather, for the Jewish workman to maintain a higher standard of life and a more reasonable rate of pay, which might ultimately have been extended to their Arab fellow-workers too. This is curious, not to say spurious, economics with a vengeance.

Coming from anybody else one would be inclined to treat this kind of argument as puerile, but it has to be dealt with seriously, for the attitude of the late Civic Adviser is symptomatic—he disapproves of the Balfour Declaration with its promise of H.M. Government to "use their best endeavours" to establish a national home for the Jews in Palestine, and so he dismisses the Jewish immigrant workers, because to employ them at a living wage would be uneconomic—even though the difference between that and the rate of pay is made up, not by the Government, but by the Zionists. If there were anything in this kind of argument it might be immeasurably strengthened. I make Mr. Ashbee a present of the facts. It was recently stated in Parliament that the Zionist organisation—not H.M. Government—is spending "nearly a million a year in the country," mostly on uneconomic undertakings. But this is really much below the mark, for it appears from an official return made by the organisation, giving details of the capital sums provided for Palestine during the year 1922 by twenty-seven Jewish institutions, that the total was £1,852,000. And this, or something like it, is going on year by year; and a considerable proportion of the expenditure goes into Arab pockets. It is all very uneconomic, but it is the freewill offering of the "Romantics," and their contribution to the

success of the Balfour Declaration—without any charge to the local administration, or to the State.

There is more than this, though, at the back of the opposition: the cry is raised of "preferential treatment" of the Jews, and "injustice" to the Arabs. Mr. Ashbee seems to have been challenged when he was recently in the United States to give a single instance of preferential treatment, and so, says he, "I recounted the episode of the Jaffa Port concession—its refusal to a non-Jewish group because it was to be reserved for a Jewish group later"; and he goes on to amplify this by saying that the High Commissioner, when this injustice was pointed out to him, "pleaded that his hands were tied by the Mandate." That is a grave charge, and no doubt Mr. Ashbee's audience when they heard it were duly impressed, and so possibly were the readers of this REVIEW when they read it. No one who knows the late Civic Adviser will believe him capable of the crime of wilfully bearing false witness, but he has been grievously misled by people less scrupulous. See how a plain tale shall put his story down. I take my facts from a report in *Palestine*, the organ of the British Palestine Committee (a purely non-sectarian organisation), of a meeting of the Palestine Economic Board, a non-Zionist body, held in London on November 21st last. Lt.-Col. Harold Solomon, O.B.E., the late Director of Commerce in Palestine, having just joined the Board, was called on to make a statement on the question of harbour accommodation, and he laid before the meeting the whole history of the matter since the formation of the present Palestine Government. He said:—

> Soon after Palestine came under the British Mandate a considerable number of schemes for the construction of harbours at both Jaffa and Haifa were laid before its advisers. These schemes were prepared by contractors of many nationalities, and it must be remembered that harbour contractors are just like any other kind of contractor in that their principal object is to make as much money as possible out of the work which they undertake. It is not surprising to learn that some of the schemes submitted were on a vast and elaborate scale, involving expenditure in some cases of many millions. . . . The Government therefore felt that they must secure expert advice before any step in so vital a matter was taken. Arrangements were therefore made with the Colonial Office, by means of which the great consulting engineer, Mr. Frederick Palmer, of the well-known firm of Rendell, Palmer & Tritton, visited Palestine last winter, and spent several weeks in examining the situation on the spot.

The results of his investigation were drawn up in the form of a "Report on the Provision of Harbour Facilities for the Palestine Government." It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this document and its value to Palestine. Presumably, arrangements will be made by the Palestine Government to enable copies of this Report to reach those interested.

That is where the matter rests to-day—submission of many schemes, by contractors of different nationalities; reference of the matter to the Colonial Office; appointment of an English engineer of high standing to investigate and report; personal examination by him of the situation on the spot; submission of the formal report, and its issue to persons interested. All the rest, the reservation of the concession for a Jewish group, the unjust treatment of the Arab concession hunters, the pleading of the Mandate for the pretended reservation and the "injustice," is, I venture to say (and I have some authority for the statement), pure invention, and Mr. Ashbee is to be commiserated on his gullibility in believing it. That may be excused; but what is not excusable is his bringing the High Commissioner into such an absurd story. And for what? To root out all trace of Jewishness in the Administration. As if that would defeat the Balfour Declaration and the British Palestine Mandate. The suggestion which is made that the substitution of a non-Jew for Sir Herbert Samuel would of itself make any difference is childish. Policy is directed from Downing Street, not from Jerusalem. Zionists would have nothing to fear from the appointment of an "Englishman," unless he were a confirmed anti-Zionist, which is, of course, what Mr. Ashbee's friends really want.

But if attacks on the Administration fail, as fail they must when submitted to impartial investigation, there is always what Mr. Ashbee calls the root difficulty—"the Mandate itself is based upon injustice." Here, indeed, we are at the root of the trouble. The political agitators who pose as Arab representatives, and some British officials with them, do not like the Mandate, and so they obstruct its execution, misrepresent its meaning, do their best to defeat it. They forget that the British Palestine Mandate is in itself a tremendous act of self-abnegation—the alternative to the ordinary consequences of conquest, following on the victories of Allenby which culminated in Armageddon—and that in its underlying *motif* it is also

the fulfilment of pledges, publicly offered and internationally confirmed, in which Britain's good faith is involved. Not for nothing, surely, is the Balfour Declaration of 1917 set out in the Peace Treaties, adopted as the basis of the international rearrangements following on the war, and put into effect in the Mandate itself in the following terms:—

> The Mandatory is responsible for placing the country under such political, administrative, and economic conditions as will secure the establishment of a Jewish National Home, and the development of self-governing institutions and the safeguarding of the civil and religious rights of all inhabitants, irrespective of race or religion.

Where is the injustice? Where the "dispossession" which our critic and his friends set up to justify their charge? Is it the dispossession of the Turk, with his army of corrupt officials, and their replacement by a clean administration governed by the highest traditions of the English Civil Service? Or is it the removal of the autocratic rule of the Effendis—mostly foreign—who exploited the native population, and its substitution by the ordered government which gives an equal chance to all sections of the people before the law? The late Civic Adviser, of all men, knows very well that no one has been dispossessed of his rights under the new rule; no one deprived of any just privilege to favour the Jews; no one displaced from his inheritance to make room for the new immigrant. Nay, on the contrary, if he searches his conscience he will have to admit that the native landowners have benefited materially by the sale of their surplus lands; that their standard of life has been raised by the capital thus provided; that great advantages have accrued to the whole population by the undertaking of public improvements, largely carried out by native labour; that the conditions generally of the people have been bettered by the spread of enterprise (not to speak of the improved sanitation and the provision of national education throughout the country); that, in fact, even in the four short years of the present Administration some approach has been made to the ideal of a well-ordered community where justice reigns in place of the old misrule.

If only it were not for the plague of politics! Mr. Ashbee is not aware apparently of the fact that since

Herzl, the founder of the political Zionist movement, whom he professes so much to admire, died twenty years ago, it is the old school of Zionism, that of the "Lovers of Zion," and of Achad Haam, the Jewish philosopher whom he lauds (but misquotes) that has been continually growing in strength, and that all parties in Jewry are now united in the single-hearted endeavour to promote cultural, colonising, and agricultural activities with a view to the restoration of Palestine and making it a fit place for a Jewish national home. That is one of the direct results of the promulgation of the Balfour Declaration, and the acceptance of the Mandate by Great Britain. It is the anti-Zionists who now disturb the settled waters, the Syrian plotters, the Moslem Christian Associations, the disgruntled politicians at the seat of Government, and their friends at home who have seized the "dark lanthorn of the spirit," leading their followers into pools and ditches, "sounding," as Mr. Ashbee puts it, "for Christendom in a dirty pond." I will not follow him in that quest, for I believe that among Englishmen there will be few who would prefer his guidance to that of the leaders of the Christian Churches: men like the Bishops of Durham, of Lincoln, of Manchester, of Norwich, and of St. Albans, in the Church of England; the Archbishop of Birmingham, the Bishops of Clifton and of Salford in the Catholic Church; the presidents of the Wesleyan Conference, of the Baptist Union, of the Congregational Union, and of the Primitive Methodist Conference; the Moderators of the Presbyterian Churches of England and Ireland, of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and of the Free Church; Dr. John Clifford, Dr. Horton, and Dr. Stanton Coit—all of whom welcomed the Balfour Declaration, and were united in their expressions of good will for the Zionist cause and their desire for the establishment of the Jewish national home. There is a little collection of such pronouncements, not only of the religious leaders, but also of prominent men in the political, the literary, and the scientific worlds, with which Mr. Churchill, when he was Colonial Secretary, made great play in the debate on the Mandate in the House of Commons, where the opposition suffered an ignominious defeat. I will not quote it here, but perhaps I may add

an interesting note from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, our present Premier, who did *not* contribute to the collection, but after a personal visit to the Holy Land wrote an appreciation, which is printed in the recently published *Awakening Palestine*, from which I cull the following:—

> When one is reminded that the cultivable area of Palestine is 12,000 square miles, of which but 4,000 are in use, one can see how insignificant are the Zionist holdings, what room there is for their extension without the disturbance of a single Arab, and how nonsensical is the attack made from certain quarters on the land policy of the Palestinian Government. . . . The more enlightened the Arab becomes, the more he understands his own interest, the less will he respond to appeals which waken old evil memories within him.
>
> One goes through Palestine now with the verses of many a prophecy on one's lips. One hears them as though the hills whispered them. . . . Time has brought forth events, and the land of Israel again receives her children. She is worn out, she is neglected, she is in bondage to a stranger; but she still retains the treasures of her motherhood, and her children can find peace and happiness in her service.

The anti-Zionists are not likely to get more—probably less—encouragement for their political agitation from the present Government than they did from its predecessors. And for this very good reason, apart from all others, that England's interests go with England's sentiment in keeping the hold which the Mandate gives her on "the key of the Orient." As the great architect and engineer he is, Mr. Ashbee knows something about bridges. Let him take a map of the East, say from India to the Suez Canal, and consider the position of Palestine from the point of view of the interests of the British Empire. But I would fain add to this what the Colonial Secretary said in Parliament on the Mandate debate:—"It is no good saying you are, or you are not, in favour of the Zionist policy. You are in favour of our keeping our word." The anti-Zionists may rage, they may continue, in Mr. Ashbee's delicate language, to "spew" out their unhealthy politics, but in the present state of English public opinion a remedy is sure to be found for their *malaise* in the cold douche which is so often effective after a surfeit. Of one thing they may be certain. If by any freak of fortune they were successful in their schemes, if they robbed us of the pledge, or England of the Mandate, they could not—they will not—deprive us of our ideals. Nor can they deprive the world, now, of the new radium element, the untapped sources of spiritual wealth let loose by the Zionists.

One word more to Mr. Ashbee himself. He makes

great play with a phrase "*the dominating Hebrew spirit*" (the italics are his), which he quotes from a book of my son as if it threw a lurid light on the whole attitude and tendency of the present Administration—in which there are two Jews only, be it remarked, out of a total of thirty-three in the higher offices. "Listen," he says, "to Mr. Norman Bentwich, the present Attorney-General and maker of the laws in Palestine:—'The harmony of Hebraic and Hellenistic ideas . . . may be achieved in the future by a self-conscious people which will imbibe those elements of outside thought that are ennobling, *but will transmute them by the dominating Hebrew spirit.*'" Will it be believed that this phrase is taken from a scientific study of *Hellenism*, written in the year 1915, which has no relation to Zionism at all, but deals with the inter-action between Judaism and Hellenistic culture, and which begins, singularly enough, with a quotation of the first of the blessings pronounced by Balaam upon the children of Israel: "Lo, it is a people that shall dwell alone, and *shall not be reckoned among the nations.*"

Our latter-day Balaams must be hard pushed indeed when they stoop to pick up a weapon such as this, which acts like a boomerang against its users. The "dominating Hebrew spirit" is contrasted in the book with the influence of Hellenistic ideas which threatened to submerge the teachings of the Bible, at a time when, as now, the civilising work of the people of the Book was challenged by the "scientific humanists." It has no sort of political meaning in such a context. And if, in his gropings with the lanthorn, this searcher after truth and justice had gone a little further he would have found what he sought in the very next sentence, which is the conclusion of the whole volume:—"Our civilisation, which is based partly on Hellenic, partly on Hebraic creations, is continually progressing to such a harmony, and without it humanity will never be tranquil, and culture will not be complete." I shall be forgiven, I hope, if to sum up the whole matter I quote from my son again—from some rough verses written by him from the field of battle (Gaza, April, 1917):—

> Oh! Lord of Hosts, let peace and justice thrive,
> Where for two thousand years woe hath followed woe.
> When England's flag shall fly o'er Palestine
> And Jew and Arab shall together strive
> To make their land with milk and honey flow.

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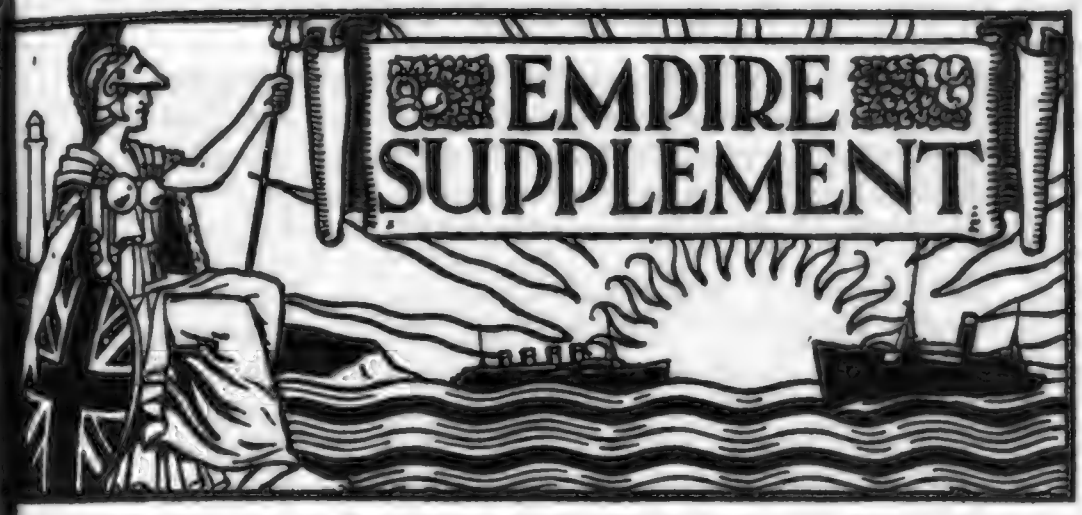

Empire Notes

New Zealand

ANOTHER year of prosperity has passed over the Dominion of New Zealand. The total trade for the calendar year 1923 amounted to £89,453,863, which is the highest aggregate recorded, with the exception of the "boom year" of 1920. Exports amounted to £45,967,119, and imports £43,486,544. The exports showed an increase over 1922 of £3,240,870 and imports of £8,481,104. Great Britain took 82 per cent. of the exports, and supplied New Zealand with 51 per cent. of her purchases, chiefly manufactures. The Dominion's total purchases from Empire countries were 73 per cent. of the total. New Zealand's *per capita* purchase of goods from the United Kingdom was £16 10s., which reveals the fact that the people of this far-away Dominion are the best customers we have in the world. It was an Australian lecturer who recently stated that every New Zealander before the war (when the Dominion's *per capita* purchase was £10) was worth 100 Russians to the British manufacturers. The Prime Minister (the Right Hon. W. F. Massey) definitely announced to a gathering of commercial travellers that every endeavour would continue to be made "to retain Great Britain as our chief market." In this connection it is interesting to learn that arrangements have

Trade Returns

been made by a shipping company trading with the eastern lands of the Pacific to provide facilities for the direct interchange of trade between these places and New Zealand It is entirely a commercial venture, however, and no State subsidy is involved.

State Finances

ADDRESSING a gathering in New Zealand recently the Prime Minister, the Right Hon. W. F. Massey, stated that the finances of the Dominion had vastly improved during the past two years. For the ten months of the financial year (to January 31st) the State revenue amounted to £19,851,833, which was an increase over the same months of 1922 of £756,163; and the expenditure to £20,690,582, a decrease over the same period of £617,355. The months yet to run are expected to provide a handsome surplus.

N.Z. at Wembley

No Dominion has entered more enthusiastically than New Zealand into her representation at the great Exhibition at Wembley. A large number of visitors are expected from all parts of the Dominion, notwithstanding the heavy expense of the long voyage. The committee of commercial men into whose hands the preparation of the New Zealand pavilion was placed by the Government have exhaustively covered every phase of Dominion life and activity, and have been most loyally supported by all sections of the people. The "effort" will cost the Dominion about £100,000.

Water Power

THE hydro-electrical activities of the Dominion are proceeding apace. It is expected that Wellington City will soon be linked up with the Mangahao system, which is now almost completed. The city, and the surrounding agricultural districts and secondary towns over a radius of 150 square miles, will then be supplied from this one central source. Rapid progress is also being made with the installations which are to supply Auckland City and district and the Hawke's Bay and Poverty Bay area. It is satisfactory to know that all the plant and machinery, which enter free of duty from Great Britain, are from the manufactories of this country.

THE excellent facilities which have been offered to British public schoolboys to become farmers in New Zealand are being eagerly seized by enterprising young fellows from all parts of the United Kingdom. In connection with the Dominion's other scheme, for accepting the sons of men of the British Navy or Mercantile Marine who were killed or incapacitated during the war, an extensive farm in the centre of the North Island has been purchased out of the £200,000 odd allocated by the sheep-farmers of New Zealand from their wool profits during the war, and is now awaiting boys from here. The latter are to be trained to become farmers and allowed ample wages, which, when accumulated, should be sufficient to form the basis of a sum later to purchase land for themselves. In a general way the Dominion has been attracting a considerable number of immigrants this year.

Farmers Wanted

Queensland

IN his first public pronouncement at the luncheon given in his honour by the British Empire Producers' Organisation, the Premier of Queensland unquestionably succeeded in creating an "atmosphere" favourable to a solution of the difficult task which has brought him to London. Mr. Theodore boldly grasped the nettle and disclaimed all intention to dishonour the financial contracts of Queensland. As he is already engaged in defending his case after intimating that he is prepared to go far in order to effect a settlement, which, by satisfying London financiers, would restore the credit of Queensland to the high level of that of the other great British Dominions, this is not the place to discuss the details of the controversy, fully dealt with in this REVIEW last November. We are apprised by the comments of the Press in other Australian States that, for the honour and credit of all of them, it is earnestly hoped that Mr. Theodore will not fail to reach an amicable and honourable solution. If he is sincerely inspired by the sentiments he expressed at the Stationers' Hall, a creditable basis of agreement will not be difficult to find.

Mr. Theodore in London

Queensland's Exhibition

A CHARMING exhibit of Queensland cereals has been prepared by the Department of Agriculture for the Empire Exhibition. Heavily grained stalks of wheat, barley, canary seed, and other cereals have been so artistically grouped into sheaves as at once to attract attention. Thirty varieties of wheat and three varieties of rice are included. Trueness to type has been made a feature.

Cotton

THE report of the Under-Secretary for Agriculture and Stock states that the late year (1923) was a vital one for the cotton industry, which it is hoped is now well on its way to acquire a position as one of the great primary industries of the State. The area under cotton was 28,695 acres. The yield of seed cotton was about 11,615,413 lb., valued at £261,438, and the number of growers who participated in this was 7,500 or thereabouts. Had it not been for a comparatively dry season, the return would probably have at least been doubled.

Double Crops of Wheat?

WHEATS have proved their capacity in Queensland to grow at such different periods of the year that a suggestion has been made that it may be possible to obtain two crops in twelve months. The idea is to be tried on an extended scale. About 90 per cent. of the wheat produced in Queensland is harvested in the area lying between Toowoomba, Warwick, Killarney, Goondiwindi, and Chinchilla districts. Mills are in operation at Toowoomba, Warwick, Pittsworth, Roma, Dalby, and Brisbane.

Brisbane Tonnage

DURING the year 1923 3,201,711 tons of shipping entered the port of Brisbane, representing an increase of 368,892 tons on the record established in 1913.

Butter

THE Director of Dairying states that the present position of the dairying industry indicated that under normal seasonal conditions Queensland will be the principal contributor of butter from Australia to the overseas markets.

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Tasmania

INTERSTATE imports for 1922-23 amounted to £7,515,000 and oversea imports to £1,590,000, a total of £9,105,000.

Overseas and Interstate Trade

Oversea imports, therefore, amounted to a little over one-sixth of total imports. In the last years for which similar figures are available, namely, 1905-1909, the oversea imports were about one-quarter of total imports, so that the proportion of imports that come directly from the rest of Australia has grown considerably since 1909.

Interstate exports were £5,529,000 and oversea exports £2,421,000, a total of £7,950,000. Oversea exports were, therefore, nearly one-third of total exports, whereas in the years 1905-1909 they were only about

one-eighth of the total. Zinc, a new export, now makes nearly one-third of oversea exports. Besides zinc, oversea exports of apples have increased greatly, and a larger proportion of wool is now shipped direct oversea.

Exports

The greatest lift to exports has been due to the Electrolytic Zinc Works, from which zinc to the value of over £1,000,000 has been exported in the year, whereas in 1909 there was only a small export of zinc ore valued at £16,000. The zinc now exported is produced from Broken Hill ore, and if the value of raw material imported be deducted from the products exported we find the Zinc Company responsible for a balance of exports valued at over £600,000.

Other items of export showing a great increase are fruit (particularly apples) and butter. In 1909 exports of apples were only 871,000 bushels, but for 1922-23 they were 3,267,000 bushels, or nearly four times as great. Butter exports increased from 6,000 cwt. in 1909 to 32,000 in 1922-23, and the value increased tenfold from £25,000 to £250,000.

Wool exports remain stationary in quantity, though the value has more than doubled.

Jams and jellies are also much the same in quantity, about 11,000,000 lb., but the value has considerably more than doubled.

Hops are also steady in quantity at nearly 10,000 bales, but the value has increased fourfold from £64,000 to £246,000.

Imports

Of total imports, £9,100,000, clothing and textiles account for £2,093,000, of which about one-quarter came direct from oversea ports. The corresponding value in 1909 was about £800,000. The next largest class of imports is that described as manufactured metals, the value of which was £1,860,000, compared with about £500,000 in 1909. Tobacco also shows a great increase in value of imports, from £72,000 to £284,000. The increase, which is nearly fourfold, is due to enormous advance in the value; largely due to taxation. In general it appears that quantities have increased about

50 per cent., and prices about doubled, with the result that the total value of imports has trebled since 1909.

* * * * * *

THAT very attractive newcomer in the field of Empire effort—the Fellowship of the British Empire Exhibition—appears to be capturing the imagination of the overseas Empire. We hear of it as recruiting successfully in India, Burma, Hong Kong, St. Helena, West Africa, British Guiana, and the Antipodes. When its enrolment is complete the badge of the Lion and the Bee will be well known in every part of the King's Dominions, and everywhere will be members accepted by the Prince of Wales as "pledged to loyal service to the British Empire." It is easy to see the good effect this will have on the promotion of good citizenship. It will suggest to men and women of all parties that the Empire is something of their making and their guarding which is worthy of pride and of dutiful service. There are a score of paths on which, without "politics," the citizen of the Empire can march for its greater prosperity and glory. This Fellowship will "blaze" more than one of these.

The Fellowship.

THE wine growers of Australia and South Africa are protesting strongly against the sale of foreign wines at the Empire Exhibition. They certainly have grounds for regarding this as a breach of the undertaking given by the Exhibition authorities that only Empire products would be admitted to the Exhibition.

Empire Wines

The excuse offered appears to us to be entirely inadequate. "If only Empire wines were on sale, champagne, port, Chianti, and most of the popular brands of liqueurs would be unobtainable." The proper compromise is obvious. Champagne and port, neither of which is produced in the Empire, perhaps Chianti, and a selection of liqueurs might have been admitted. The wines of Australia and South Africa, which have been improved out of all recognition since they were originally introduced, are mostly of the types of clarets, burgundies, hocks, and Moselles. These should be provided exclusively as the only wines of that class.

Large numbers of people will make the discovery at the Exhibition that the only thing lacking about many of these Empire wines is that they have not been tried. The Exhibition, in a few months, will afford an opportunity of sampling Empire products on a scale that should be worth ten years of ordinary progress. *That is the main justification of the vast expenditure in energy and money.*

Canada's 1923 Wheat Yield

A FINAL report on the field crops of Canada for 1923, just issued, gives the total wheat yield at 474,199,000 bushels from an area of 22,671,864 acres, compared with 399,786,400 bushels—then a record—harvested in 1922 from 22,422,693 acres.

The average yield for the five years 1918-1922 was 269,233,910 bushels from 20,079,832 acres.

The aggregate value of all farm crops harvested in the Dominion last year was returned at £178,351,040, as compared with £192,458,640 in 1922 — a decrease of £14,107,600, caused mainly by lower prices applicable to almost every crop.

Northern Rhodesia's Future

ON April 1st the British South Africa Company's administration of Northern Rhodesia terminates, and a Protectorate Government under the Colonial Office, with a legislative council having an official majority and some unofficial representatives, takes its place. Mr. Thomas, the Colonial Secretary, has stated in the House of Commons that it is not intended to annex the territory, at any rate for the present. There had been some expectation that the assumption of the administration by the Crown would have coincided with a rearrangement of the present wholly artificial frontier between Nyasaland and the North Charterland area of the former North-Eastern District of Rhodesia. North Charterland, with its chief centre, Fort Jameson, finds its outlet through Nyasaland, and is separated by the deep rift of the Loangwa Valley from the remainder of Northern Rhodesia, with which its communications are far from good. There would be every geographical and economic justification for uniting that portion of Northern Rhodesia which lies to the east of

the Loangwa with Nyasaland. Later on, perhaps, Nyasaland might be further enlarged to take in the area west of the Loangwa also, as far south as a line joining the south-east corner of the Belgian Congo and the point where the Portuguese frontier leaves the Loangwa. The remainder of Northern Rhodesia might then be divided into two portions, of which the more westerly—Barotseland—could be treated as a native State on a similar footing to Basutoland or Swaziland, while the Batoka plateau and the highland country on either side of the railway from the Zambesi to the Congo border might in time find its natural affinity with Southern Rhodesia.

Outlet of Rhodesia and Nyasaland

ALTHOUGH the port of Beira is in Portuguese territory, it is so intimately associated with the British hinterland—the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland—of which it is the principal gateway, that the development of the cargo-handling facilities of the port which is about to be undertaken is of great Imperial interest. The contract made last year between the Companhia de Moçambique and the Port of Beira Development, Ltd., has now received the approval of the Lisbon Government, and the way has thus been cleared for proceeding with the raising of the capital cost of the new port works—estimated to require an expenditure of about £1,000,000. It is not anticipated that this will offer any difficulties, as the traffic handled at Beira, which exceeded 500,000 tons in 1923, amply justifies the provision of the deep-water wharf that it is intended to construct. When this wharf has been built and the necessary dredging has been completed—a task that will take three or four years—Beira will be one of the best equipped ports on the coast of Africa, and will be in a position to deal expeditiously with exports of maize, chrome, asbestos, copper and zinc from Rhodesia, and cotton, tea and tobacco from Nyasaland and North Charterland. To complete a satisfactory line of communications with Nyasaland it will then only be necessary to connect the Trans-Zambesi and Central Africa railways by a bridge over the Zambesi at Sena. This will be a costly undertaking, for which Imperial assistance is essential. Since the bridging of the river would permit full exploitation of the Tete coalfield,

thereby providing a paying traffic for the Beira-Nyasaland group of railways, and extinguishing the Nyasaland Protectorate's interest and sinking fund liability as regards the Trans-Zambesi Railway debentures (besides enabling the railways to charge lower rates on Nyasaland and North Charterland produce), the provision of funds for the bridging of the river would appear to be much more urgent than the expenditure of an equal amount on extending the existing railway to the south end of Lake Nyasa. The latter project would merely add to Nyasaland's liabilities without offering any prospect of paying its way in any reasonable period.

Australian Cotton Growing

GREAT progress has undoubtedly been made in cotton growing in Australia as the result of the high prices now realised by this raw material, but it is important that certain considerations in regard to future prospects should be fully understood. In the first place, it is useless to attempt to build up a permanent cotton-growing industry in the Commonwealth unless the fact is frankly faced that the cost of production must be kept low enough to allow the cotton grown to be marketed at a profit when the price obtainable at Liverpool sinks to 10d. per lb. The present range of values is altogether abnormal, and it is unsafe to take a higher figure than that given by the addition to the pre-war average of about 6d. per lb. or the equivalent of the general index of increase in raw material values since the war. On this basis 10d. or 11d. per lb. represents a fair value for middling American-type cotton, and it is this price that should be used as the basis of all estimates of the prospects of cotton-growing for some time to come. Unfortunately the labour question is beginning to obtrude in Australia. The Workers' Union has put forward a claim for wages for cotton-pickers at the rate of £3 10s. a week of 44 hours for youths under 18, and £5 10s. for adults; a day's picking to be taken as 50 lb. This would mean that picking costs alone would be $4\frac{3}{4}$d. per lb. It seems clear that cotton-growing by large syndicates which will be at the mercy of exorbitant demands for wages, coupled with limitations on the working day, will be a precarious venture in Australia, and that it will be advisable to confine

the growth of cotton to small individual holdings which can be worked by the owners and their families without much assistance from hired labour.

Dominions' Need of Women

MIGRATION of women within the Empire formed the subject of a very interesting paper read by Miss Gladys Pott, of the Society for Oversea Settlement of British Women, at the Royal Colonial Institute on February 26th. The fact that women greatly outnumber men in the United Kingdom increases the importance of the problem from the woman's point of view. But the position of women, married as well as single, in all questions relating to the distribution of population within the Empire, is of paramount importance, not only to the women themselves but to the Dominions. Authorities are generally agreed on a policy of encouraging settlement in agricultural districts rather than in town centres, and of trying to prevent drift to the cities. The establishment of country homes is the first essential to success, and a home implies the presence of a woman, not merely as the housekeeper but as the mother of the next generation in whose hands rests the future destiny of our race. Married and single women alike should be instructed in the potentialities of Empire, and given the fullest information concerning conditions overseas. To be forewarned is to be forearmed, and to "camouflage" the difficulties inherent in the severance of existing ties and taking up life in a new country is the greatest mistake from every point of view. Women require the help of women in this matter, as in the preparation for reception and welfare overseas. However efficient Government organisation may be, the co-operation of voluntary effort in these matters is essential. The most trying period for newcomers is when the novelty of travel and landing is past, and the fact is realised that the new life means labour amidst strange conditions, and that success can only be achieved by work and perseverance. At such a moment the sympathy and help of another woman may prove of inestimable value, enabling the homesick settler to surmount her natural feeling of desolation and desire to return to the familiar

surroundings of the Old Country. It may well turn the threatened failure into a real success.

The address of the Society is 3 *and* 4, *Clement's Inn, Strand, London, W.C.*2.

(Kindly Contributed by Messrs. Wm. Weddel and Co.)

In volume, as well as in value, the import trade in refrigerated meats takes rank in importance amongst the first half-dozen trades in the country. Out of an estimated consumption of butcher meat in the United Kingdom of 2,000,000 tons in 1923, not less than 904,260 tons were imported in the form of refrigerated meat, and 8,537 tons were received as fresh killed from the Continent. This means that practically half the population of these islands, knowingly or unknowingly, eats no other meat but that which comes from abroad in a chilled or frozen state.

Declining Imports of Meat from the Dominions

Unfortunately the Empire's share in this vast trade is shrinking instead of expanding. Last year, out of a total importation of 933,669 tons of beef, mutton and lamb imported into Great Britain, the quantity produced by the Overseas Dominions was only 263,214 tons, or 28 per cent., as compared with 35 per cent. in 1922 and 43 per cent. in 1920. There are many factors contributing to this unsatisfactory state of affairs; but the chief reason for the failure of Australia and New Zealand to maintain their relative positions as suppliers of meat to the Old Country is the competition of South America. In the Argentine Republic the meat industry is organised on a big scale. Wages are low, cattle are plentiful and cheap, transport facilities are excellent, and freezing works, though small in number, are large in size and are efficiently and economically operated all the year round. Moreover the sea voyage from the River Plate occupies only three weeks, against six or eight from the Antipodes.

Against these advantages, our meat-producing Dominions work under many handicaps, including periodic droughts (in Australia), expensive labour, high land values and taxation, deficient inland transport, and high overhead charges, due to the business being carried on by a large

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number of small freezing works working for only a short period each year.

The result is that the production of mutton and lamb is becoming yearly less profitable; while, at present prices, in spite of a Government subsidy of ¼d. per lb., the Queensland beef producer is selling his cattle at an actual loss.

The wholesale prices of imported meat in this country in 1923 were no lower on average than in the preceding year, but the tendency throughout the whole year was downward, and heavy losses were made by traders who were obliged to fill their requirements in advance.

The following articles will appear in our May number :—

Three Parties

(Australia's Experience)

By Frank Fox

A New Zealander at Oxford

By W. D'A. Cresswell

The British Empire and Our Unemployed Workers

By C. Jesson

(*Late Hon. Sec. Empire Development Parliamentary Committee*).

Canada's Part in the Exhibition

Mr. J. S. McKinnon, Director of Canadian Industrial Exhibits at the British Empire Exhibition, has kindly furnished us with the following summary of his address to the Canadian Chamber of Commerce in London :—

There are three things that make a nation great :

1. Busy workshops.
2. Fertile fields.
3. Easy conveyance of man and goods from place to place.

Canada to-day is fully and well equipped with regard to these three very material activities.

We want to show to the people of the world that Canada is a good place in which to live; that every man, woman, and child has an equal opportunity, and whilst there is no room in Canada for sluggards, those who are skilled and able to work will find plenty of opportunities for giving full scope to their efforts.

The movement of population from one country to another is most important, and Canada wishes to show, through the means afforded by the British Empire Exhibition, that there is no better country to which population could move than to the Dominion of Canada.

Canada offers boundless opportunities. I suppose there is no country in the world where the homes and farms of the people are owned more fully, and that means stability and good citizenship.

Canada is known as an agricultural country, and a country of great natural resources. Her resources to be displayed at the British Empire Exhibition will include minerals, agriculture, timber, fish, dairy and various products, horticulture, and water power. There will be models showing the wonderful harbours of Montreal and Vancouver; illustrations will be shown of the water powers of the country on a scale that I think will surprise even the citizens of Canada themselves.

Another object of Canada's participation in the British Empire Exhibition is to increase her export trade and to increase the inter-Imperial trade of the British Empire. No part of the Empire knows the other parts as intimately as it should.

It is the hope of the Canadian people that the Exhibition to be held at Wembley this year will do much to place Canada in the proper light before the peoples of the world.

In 1890 Canada's total exports were valued at 85 million dollars, or approximately 17 million pounds sterling, and about 6 per cent. of this was made up of manufactured goods. For the year ending August 31st, 1923, Canada's total exports reached the value of 200 million pounds sterling, of which 40 per cent. was made up of manufactured articles, and 16 per cent. of semi-manufactured articles, so that of 200 million pounds sterling value that we exported from Canada last year over 50 per cent. was from the factories of the Dominion. To-day Canada is the fourth largest exporting country of the world in value of products. The Department of Trade and Commerce in Ottawa stands ready and willing to help the exporters and importers of Canada in a way that as yet they hardly realise.

Now, what will Canada show at Wembley?

The Canadian Government is erecting a building of splendid dimensions. On either side of this building will be a building erected by the Canadian Pacific Railways and the Canadian National Railways.

The Canadian building will be divided into two sections, one of which will show the natural resources of the country.

In the other section of the building, of which the Government has asked me to take special control, will be shown the industrial exhibits of the country. We have divided this, as far as possible, into groups.

In the collection of these exhibits I have visited every province in Canada.

The articles that will be exhibited will include :—

Automobiles, beverages, biscuits, bookbinding and colour printing, Canadian literature, canned fruits, vegetables and salmon, canoes, flour, fountain pens,

furniture, men's hats, honey, household labour-saving devices, machinery, maritime fisheries, office equipment, pianos, rubber products, silk hosiery and gloves, silk and woollen textiles, stoves and ranges, tobacco, toys, trucks, wallpapers, wheat products, cut glass, and woollen textiles.

An excellent display will be made by the Universities. We gave them a special part in the Industrial Section so that they could show the people coming to Canada the higher educational facilities that are available.

Canada did her share in the war. There is no doubt of that. She sent probably half a million men out of a population of eight or nine millions.

The national debt of Canada was increased by the war by about 400 million pounds sterling. This amount was not borrowed from any outside country, but from the people of Canada, and to-day about 80 per cent. of the national debt of Canada is owed to the people of the Dominion. During the war Canada lent this country 1,250 million dollars, or about 250 million pounds sterling, and Canada has not borrowed from England since the year 1913.

During the war Canada showed that she was in a position to manufacture and export goods. The finest materials required in the war were produced in Canada. What Canada did in the time of the war she is prepared to do in times of peace.

We find each part of the Empire, of which we are all so proud, ready and willing to do business with the other parts. All that we need is to get better acquainted, and there will be nothing to stop the progress of the British Empire. As a last word I would say, let us send an echo of loyalty right round the world, and whether we come from Australia, whether we come from New Zealand, South Africa, or any other part of this great British Empire, let us each do our part for our own country and the Empire. We shall realise what the Empire is accomplishing by visiting the British Empire Exhibition during the year 1924.

South Africa's War with Locusts

By G. H. Lepper

Not for many years has there been a visitation of locusts comparable with that which has been experienced in South Africa during the present southern summer. Though the most recent news indicates that the relentless warfare with this serious scourge conducted by the Entomological Division of the Department of Agriculture, which directs operations against one of the world's worst insect pests, has restored control of the situation, there is unfortunately no doubt that very serious damage has been done to crops in many parts of the Union. The cost to the exchequer of this season's campaign against locusts has been well over £250,000, apart altogether from the cost to individual farmers and the damage to crops.

The locusts appear to be of the "brown" variety, always present in varying degree in South Africa, and there is no mention of any fresh incursion by the "red" locusts which came into the eastern portions of the Union from Portuguese territory in dense swarms at intervals between 1895 and 1909. The conditions that led to their migration southward from East Africa in the middle nineties have apparently not been repeated in recent years, though the possibility of an invasion doubtless still exists.

The "brown" locust probably has its main reservoir in the unoccupied wastes of the Kalahari Desert, and in the eastern portion of the South-West Protectorate bordering on the Kalahari, whence it issues at irregular intervals following a period of favouring climatic conditions. But it has been established that swarms also originate in the north central districts of the Cape Province and in the south-west of the Orange Free State, where there are always a few specimens of the insect to be found. It is usually in a good season following a severe drought that large migrant swarms develop, and then for several years they tax the resources of the farmers and of the Division of Entomology. For a number of years there may be little

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or no trouble from locusts, but when swarms appear they do considerable local damage, though the organisation is usually adequate to prevent widespread devastation. This season, which has been exceptionally dry in some districts, the Department seems to have had its hands full. It is recorded that in the middle of the eighteenth century the Dutch settlement at the Cape was almost ruined by the ravages of locusts, so that the trouble is not of recent origin.

Under the Act passed in 1912, which contains stringent provision for dealing with the pest, farmers on whose land *voetgangers* or "hoppers" (as the young locusts are called before they have developed wings) appear are required to notify the authorities and to take measures to destroy the insects. If they are tackled when at this stage of their life history, they are unable to escape, though for the same reason they are even more destructive than the flyers,

since they march steadily forward eating up everything green on the way. Naturally some of the less progressive farmers in remote districts occasionally fail to comply with the regulations in order to save themselves immediate trouble, particularly if the swarm is not threatening their own land and is moving away from it. But such cases of bad citizenship are getting more rare with the gradual spread of enlightenment in the countryside.

A most effective method of fighting locusts, and the one generally in use in South Africa, where it was originated, is to spray the vegetation in the path of the advancing army of *voetgangers* with a preparation of arsenic and treacle. In some cases chopped-up green bait so treated is scattered in front of the insects, which are thus poisoned by the million. There is considerable difference of opinion as to the efficacy of this method. This season, up to the end of December, the Town Ranger of Bloemfontein is reported to have destroyed 900 swarms with prepared bait consisting of two parts of horse manure and one of maize bran, out of 1,560 swarms destroyed in the Bloemfontein municipal district alone. Up to the middle of February about 800,000 separate swarms had been destroyed this season in the Union as a whole. At that time more than 64 magisterial districts were reported to be heavily infested.

Large quantities of the necessary solution and thousands of spraying pumps are kept in readiness by the Division of Entomology, which sometimes has to carry on the war on a score or more of widely separated "fronts" simultaneously. In December 400,000 gallons of poison mixture were being used daily. Occasionally special trains equipped with locust-fighting appliances are employed when the swarms appear in the immediate neighbourhood of a railway. Rewards are also paid for the collection of locusts' eggs, which may remain dormant for several years and then hatch when the condition of the soil as regards temperature and moisture is favourable.

An important report on locust destruction by Mr. W. Callender Easby, District Locust Officer of the Bloemfontein District, which has recently been published, suggests that there is room for improvement in the methods at present employed to deal with locusts. Mr. Easby thinks

that farmers have not received full value for the work done in this direction. He points out that for three months they were compelled to neglect their land to wage war with locusts. Then their efforts were neutralised by a breakdown in the supply of poison, and they had the chagrin of seeing their crops devoured. They had therefore wasted three months' labours and, through no fault of their own, lost both crops and grazing for their stock. The working costs of the campaign were enormous, and these must be added to the losses of crops and livestock. Mr. Easby thinks that a new plan ought to be adopted for the future. He favours the trapping system, which would avoid the poisoning of the veld with the consequent danger to stock, and would enable the trapped locusts to be marketed, so that the farmers would get some return for the work done by them in the campaign against the insects.

In explanation of the reference to the possibility of marketing trapped locusts it may be mentioned that quite recently successful efforts have been made in South Africa to turn the locusts to commercial advantage by grinding them into meal, which is then pressed into cattle cake and poultry food and even made into sweet biscuits for human consumption! Some Central African natives make a kind of flour from dried locusts. Whether it will be possible to develop a profitable and permanent industry on these lines remains to be seen, but its promoters appear to be sanguine of the result, and say that they are prepared to move the factories into the Kalahari desert after the insects if the supply within the Union fails. In the general interest it is to be hoped that it will speedily prove necessary for this to be done, since no one who has ever seen a countryside over which either *voetgangers* or flyers have passed would wish for anything short of their complete banishment from the cultivated portions of South Africa.

The writer, who was living on a small fruit farm near Durban when the invasion by the "red" locusts was at its height, had ample experience both of the tragic side of the visitations and of such comedy as youth could extract from the struggle with these formidable insects. Whether "red" or "brown" locusts are concerned their presence in large numbers is equally disastrous.

The first warning of coming trouble was usually brought

by a kafir engaged in hoeing amongst the pineapples or bananas. In clear weather a bank of pink haze—its colour due to the pinkish tinge of the transparent portion of the wings—would be seen in the distance travelling with the wind. This would quickly draw nearer until the rustling of the wings was heard, and the sound would gradually rise to a volume that resembled the stirring of the tree tops of a forest by a stiff breeze. By this time such preparations as were possible would have been made. Bonfires with liberal supplies of green fuel to give out a large quantity of smoke were lighted, large pieces of Turkish red calico tied to the ends of long bamboo poles were waved vigorously, and an incessant tom-tomming on empty paraffin tins, accompanied by wild yelling from children and kafirs or Indian coolies, suggested some heathen ceremony intended to avert the threatened visit of an evil spirit.

If the swarm was not too weary with long flight these incantations might produce the desired effect of preventing the locusts settling for the night on one's own land and cause them to move on to someone else's property—not a charitable act, of course, but in these circumstances it was every man for himself and devil take the unlucky. But if the insects were tired, alight they would in spite of all hostile demonstrations, and then it was only a matter of hours before one's green crops were reduced to a pitiable state, the fronds of the banana trees being stripped of everything but the gaunt skeletons, while great chunks would be bitten out of the spiny edges of the pineapple leaves. In fact, by the time morning came and the swarm left for fresh pastures the appearance of the area on which it had settled would reduce the owners to temporary despair.

Nor was the devastation caused by the wholesale eating of green crops the sum of the damage. Many of the houses are dependent on rain caught on the roof for drinking water. After the passage overhead of a swarm of locusts it was necessary to sever the connection between the gutters and the tanks and sweep the roof thoroughly before the next shower of rain fell.

Near Durban, between South Coast Junction and Bellair, there was a long 1 in 30 gradient—since cut out

by a deviation—which was known locally as "Jacob's Ladder." Here trains were sometimes brought to a standstill by the greasy condition of the rails caused by the fall of numerous locusts knocked down by the locomotive. The fireman then had to descend and shovel dirt on to the metals before the wheels could get sufficient grip to enable the engine to restart. Even on level sections of track the stoppage of a train by an army of *voetgangers* crossing the line occasionally happens.

The flying locust propels itself from the ground like a stone from a catapult, or the original Wright aeroplane, by very powerful hopping legs resembling an enlarged edition of those of a grasshopper. The lower portion is armed with a row of very sharp spines. If held by one of its hoppers the locust at once sheds this and jerks itself free, but it will not repeat the performance with the remaining hopper, as it is then incapable of rising from the ground and falls an easy victim to various enemies, among which the stork is perhaps the most voracious, though there are other birds which take a heavy toll of the swarms.

Myriads of locusts meet their doom from time to time by being caught in an offshore wind and blown out to sea. Sometimes they find a temporary refuge on the masts and rigging of vessels at anchor in the roadsteads of Durban, East London, or Port Elizabeth, or voyaging along the coast. On one occasion at Port Elizabeth the writer recalls seeing a swarm blown like drifting snow pass out to sea and a watery doom save for the few which alighted on the vessel and met a less protracted fate.

Empire Penny Post

By A. E. Goodwin

Secretary, Federation of Master Printers of the United Kingdom

THERE are special reasons for urging a return this year to the penny postal rate for letters from Great Britain to every part of the British Empire.

The success of the wonderful Exhibition at Wembley must largely depend on publicity.

The letters and postcards sent by those visiting the Exhibition to friends far and near in this and other lands would be the best possible form of publicity. Their volume would be enormously increased if the opening of the Exhibition were signalised by the restoration of the Imperial penny post.

The British trading community is being handicapped in many ways by the retention of war-time postal rates, and, owing to depreciated exchange, our foreign competitors are able to send their booklets, catalogues, and advertising matter into neutral markets at a much lower cost.

In the home market our manufacturers and traders find themselves at a disadvantage because of many irritating restrictions on the postage of printed matter. When the letter rate was a penny for four ounces the necessity for a special sample rate vanished, but when the letter rate was raised to twopence for two ounces the inland sample rate was not re-established. Consequently some curious anomalies exist. Samples of paper, for instance, can be sent to and from Canada at a cheaper rate than from London to Liverpool.

The picture postcard habit has been almost killed by the increased rate, and, unless there is a speedy return to a halfpenny rate, will be difficult to revive. France took steps last year to help the postcard industry.

The picture postcard industry gives employment to artists, photographers, papermakers, blockmakers, and printers. Hundreds are now unemployed or working short

time. It has suffered severely by the high postal rates. One firm informed the Postmaster-General that sales fell over 60 per cent. the year of the increase.

Picture postcards have done a great deal to keep alive the spirit of patriotism, and a local view card from an English village received on the outskirts of the Empire means a great deal to the recipient.

The Postmaster-General was evidently quite convinced when a deputation from the Joint Industrial Council of the Printing Trades waited upon him on March 10th that he could help, not only the printing industry, but every section of trade and commerce throughout the Empire by reinstating the penny post at the earliest possible moment.

There will be a surplus of over 5 millions on this year's estimates, and, taking a reasonable view of the increased volume of letters, etc., posted, the Post Office Budget would balance if the penny post and the halfpenny postcard are re-introduced in April. The only question is whether the public would respond; so far as traders are concerned there is no doubt at all that the volume of business letters and advertising matter sent through the post would grow in volume immediately.

New Zealand set the British Post Office authorities an example last year in re-starting the penny post within the Empire, and this act of faith and courage was not overlooked here.

On economic grounds, on patriotic grounds, and in all the best interests of the Empire, a return to the penny post should come speedily.

Empire Oil

Lord Bearsted and the Hon. T. G. Cochrane on Sarawak

LORD BEARSTED has done many things to bring to the notice of the nation the claims of Empire oil, and one of his latest achievements, that of calling attention to the important oil industry which has now been established in Sarawak under the British flag, has obviously wide significance.

A few weeks ago, at the meeting of the Colonies Section of the Royal Society of Arts, when the Hon. T. G. Cochrane, D.S.O., was presenting an important paper on the "Progress of Sarawak," Lord Bearsted, as chairman, made one of his first public appearances since his long and serious illness. It is worthy of placing on record that it has been due to the desire of Lord Bearsted that Empire oilfields should be developed, that we see to-day such thriving oil-producing fields under British protection as those in Egypt and Sarawak, for in both instances it has been the enterprise and the initiative of the companies associated under his direction that have undertaken the task of securing, exploiting and commercially developing these hitherto untapped sources of Empire supply.

The Sarawak fields were unrecorded even as prospective oil regions until about 1910, just after the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company had secured their concession from the late Sir Charles Brooke, the then Rajah of Sarawak, but within eight years from that time the development operations had been so rapidly pushed forward that the country had a yearly production of 80,000 tons. There is no doubt that the European War tended to delay the inevitable expansion of operations in Sarawak, but still, despite difficulties, the industry steadily forged ahead. The position of the Sarawak fields to-day may be judged

from the fact that considerably over half a million tons of oil are exported yearly.

Mr. Cochrane's paper on the subject was particularly impressive as showing the importance of these new fields of Empire oil supply. He traced developments from the time when Dr. Erb made his first geological survey of the country, up to the present moment, when it is possible for the largest unit of the world's tanker fleet to anchor at Lutong, the sea loading station, and take its supplies of Sarawak oil through what are the largest submarine pipe-lines of the world. Even when the concession to exploit the oil resources of Sarawak was granted, the Rajah was not unmindful of the importance which in days to come would attach to Empire oil, for a clause was inserted in the concession agreement, which read:—

> The company hereby covenants that during the continuance of the licences hereby granted it will not export any of the said mineral products which can be safely used as liquid fuel, so as to leave a quantity of less than 10,000 tons stored in the district aforesaid; and, further, that such quantity of 10,000 tons of liquid fuel shall be used only for the purpose of supplying the ships of the Navy of Great Britain or any of her Colonies.

And this important reservation exists to-day, with the exception that the naval vessels of our late Allies—the Japanese—are still allowed to draw supplies from this source.

When oil developments were first suggested, the village of Miri, together with that of Pujut, only mustered 80 able-bodied men and youths. At the end of last year the Sarawak Oilfields, Ltd. (the company responsible for the developments), had a staff of 133 European employees, with 42 ladies and 39 children, while there were also 190 senior Asiatic staff and 3,252 coolies. Miri itself has long ceased to be a primitive native village, for it now possesses motor roads, railways, electric light, clubs both for Europeans and natives, schools for the children, a church, golf course, sports grounds, and (to use Mr. Cochrane's own words) an automatic telephone exchange far in advance of anything provided by the Post Office in London.

Such is the progress which has been brought about by the development of these great Sarawak oilfields by private enterprise unaided by Government grants and unfettered by Government interference.

Tête-à-Tête

By A. T. H. Talbot

This year there will be gathered, in the greatest exhibition in history, produce from all the lands where Britain's children dwell. What a feast for the eyes! Who is not already stirred at the thought of this vast assemblage of the Empire's resources? But her best products are her citizens, many of whom come for the first time to see the home of their grandsires. They, I hope, will be charmed with the old land, and carry back with them fragrant memories of the English countryside and its people. But we must help. The pilgrims, too, have a tale they will gladly tell—if they have an audience!

There comes to mind Browning's tragedy of Jones and Robinson. Those two typical Englishmen, cast adrift on an uninhabited isle, the sole survivors of a wreck, lived there dumb for fifteen years because, forsooth, they had not been introduced! In a word, then, my slogan is: "Wanted, an Introduction Bureau for Wembley."

Australia and Canada want their wide spaces filled with people of our stock and blood. Their Agents-General unceasingly pour out emigration literature, but a *tête-à-tête* with these cousins of ours from overseas will do more to stir the imagination than all the tons of print that come from the Strand. To bridge the gulf of silence so that we may hear with wide-open ears how health and fortune may be sought and found under other skies but under the same flag is a problem well worth our study.

There is already one agency at work—the Fellowship of the British Empire Exhibition, members of which are being enrolled all over this country and in the Dominions. Uniform in war-time broke down the barriers of reserve, and fellow-travellers in train and tram conversed at ease; the wearing of a rose on Alexandra Day and of a poppy on Armistice Day express fellow-feeling for a common cause. Perhaps the wearing of the Fellowship badge—F.B.E.E. over the lion rampant—may induce the wearers from other lands to fraternise and talk with our home folk, and so go a long way towards the end I have in view.

The Cinema and its Detractors

By Alder Anderson

Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you.
ST. LUKE.

WOULD any rational being give serious consideration to the opinion of man or woman who declared all literature contemptible because one or even several volumes, picked up haphazard from a bookshelf, failed to win the reader's approval? Yet this is analogous to what frequently happens when the cinema is under discussion. It is an exception when an attack is made on any particular film, unless by some professional critic. Instead, obloquy is directed against the cinema in a general sense, while not a single redeeming virtue is admitted. To justify his sweeping condemnation, the self-appointed censor seldom advances any convincing argument. He contents himself with taking shelter behind vague or irrelevant asseverations.

By similar calumny, from time immemorial, expansion in many a field of endeavour has been retarded. If the world progresses slowly it is because human nature instinctively adheres to the beaten track, to old familiar grooves and antiquated formulas. Humanity, though it can be subdivided and classified *ad infinitum*, consists primarily of two camps—a small group which does things, and the vast majority who, consciously or unconsciously, passively or actively, oppose change in any form. As often as not, the much vaunted public opinion is illusory. It may be but the echo of the voice which is shouting the loudest with sufficient authority. Whether that authority be legitimate or not, few trouble to inquire. The printed word and also mere rumour have a prestige for which there seems little justification; yet the man in the street has one argument which he considers irrefutable: "I have read it," or "I have heard it said."

The consecrated and plausible polemist, he whose opinion counts with the cultured and the *dilettante*,

exercises even a more pernicious influence than his occasional rival. By skilfully phrased arguments he hypnotises his auditors into acquiescence. He marshals facts, cites examples, refutes imaginary objections, scoffs and insidiously praises, all in the same breath. His brilliant dialectics, his redundant verbosity, induce even those who should know better to wonder whether, after all, he may not be right and they wrong.

Few innovations have been more virulently abused than the cinema. Is this because, in spite of its comparatively short existence, it is daily gaining ground and compelling universal attention? The obstacles in its way, often apparently insuperable and still serious, it beats down with the unswerving pertinacity of irresistible force. Its tentacles stretch in every direction, linking up industry, science, and art, quickening into life new energies and moulding a new mentality for the world, more receptive and coherent, and less self-centred. Though it is impossible to fix any limit to its sphere of action, up to the present, the cinema has been chiefly popular as a mode of entertainment, and it is in this field that it is so persistently attacked.

Among the sins imputed to the motion picture play are: its timorous avoidance of all striking, original themes; the inadequate or erroneous interpretation it gives of great literary works; its inability to convey psychological subtleties, and, crowning impertinence, its unwarrantable pretension to be classed among the arts. Neither literature, nor life itself, can boast, nowadays, of many original situations. "*C'est imiter quelqu'un que de planter des choux*," said Alfred de Musset. In reality, the only thing that counts is the manner in which a subject is dished or presented. The world classics are usually built on very broad, human lines. Intrigue and involved complications play but a small part in them. When the reader or the spectator feels that a subject is either too trite or insufferably dull, the probability is that the author has failed to impart fresh vitality to an old theme, that he has not succeeded in shedding over it the glamour of his own talent and personality. It may, therefore, be conceded at once that the world would have been little the poorer had the greater number of films not seen the light of day.

But as much might be said without exaggeration concerning the results of human efforts in most directions. An infinite number of books are stillborn; nine pictures out of ten are either dull replicas of others, or quite unworthy of consideration, and so on. Nearly five centuries have elapsed since Gutenberg's invention of movable type rendered the vulgarisation of literature possible. In the interval the number of books printed is incalculable. The cumulative experience of twenty generations of countless publishers all over the world might have provided by this time, one would suppose, precise standards for determining accurately the relative merit of each candidate for the honours of print. Is this the case? Read what Mr. Page has to say in his *Confessions of a Publisher* on this score!

It is barely a quarter of a century since the film industry, as it elects to be called, was born. There were no precedents to guide its first steps. Blindly and unaided, it had to grope its way. After a first spontaneous manifestation of wonder and interest in the new invention, the world's *intelligentsia* affected to regard it with contempt. So prevalent was this attitude, that men still engaged in exploiting the cinema admit that for years they were at pains to conceal their connection with this pariah. To others, the great majority, such scruples were, of course, unknown. In the nascent industry they saw only an easy means to make money. They possessed sufficient commercial *flair* to foresee the enormous public waiting to be entertained by what seemed to them merely a glorified magic lantern; they had no conception that they were assuming control of something more revolutionary than even the printing press. Recruited from all sorts of callings, they gravitated towards the "movie" standard, invincibly attracted by this unclaimed and easily accessible gold mine. Often, without possessing the most rudimentary education, they found themselves suddenly the arbiters of universal taste. The selection of themes to be filmed rested with them. Their own predilections served as their sole criterion, and there was thus established, from the very outset, wholly fictitious canons of public taste. These bold pioneers completely overlooked the fact that public taste is not only elastic, but composite, that its manifestations are dictated

by a variety of classes and represent every degree of mental development. To satisfy such a hydra-headed and voracious monster will ever be one of the most delicate problems. It is, of course, impossible to please oneself and everyone else, but if the men behind the films have an open mind, above all if they possess a certain amount of personal culture and discernment, they are at least equipped to make a bid for the suffrage of the most fastidious members of their audience, whose approval alone matters, after all.

It is, in fact, not the cinema that should be attacked, not the instrument, but some of the clumsy and uncouth hands that have mishandled it, or failed to turn to account its marvellous power. Even so, even if we find we are occasionally inclined to agree with the opinion of the extremist who has declared *ex cathedra* that "film stories are devised by the half-educated for the half-witted," may not a similar taunt be levelled at most so-called popular entertainments, to say nothing of the continuous outpouring of trashy literature spawned by innumerable presses, all of which entertainments serve as the recognised and legal "dope" which, rightly or wrongly, is supposed to afford delectation and mental relief to all those in search of relaxation or forgetfulness? Even if we relegate it to the lowest rung of those popular amusements, the picture theatre has not only held its own, but has created more than once something like a panic among its older rivals, by enticing within its doors far more than its legitimate share of the public.

Having frankly admitted that the greater proportion of films hitherto produced have been but tentative efforts, we hasten to emphasise that there exist already quite a considerable number of picture plays worthy to be termed classics. A lengthy nomenclature is apt to be tedious; the names of just a few will be sufficient to bring back to memory many pleasant and inspiring moments. *Love, Life and Laughter, Alf's Button, The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, The Covered Waggon, The Hunchback of Notre Dame,* and *Scaramouche* are half a dozen among the more recent, which are milestones on the road of the cinema towards perfection.

A writer in THE ENGLISH REVIEW has further urged,

in disparagement of the cinema, that "its marvels had their origin in a mechanical device that has no more to do with art than has ironmongery." There appears to be here some confusion of issues. The mechanical side of cinematography corresponds to the technique of other arts, without which no art could attain its supreme realisation. It was only after the brothers Van Eyck had demonstrated the virtues of oil as a medium for the diffusion of pigments that modern painting achieved its highest development. What would music be if it depended exclusively on the human voice? Or dancing, without instrumental accompaniment of some sort? Who would belittle a literary masterpiece because it had been popularised through the purely mechanical labours of the compositor? The definition of a book laid down by Anatole France, and, by a curious coincidence, referred to in the same issue of this REVIEW in which "The Truth about the Cinema" appeared, may be cited very appositely: "A series of little printed signs, enabling the reader to conjure up the forms, the colours and the sentiments to which these signs correspond. . . . Like a magic finger, each word sets a fibre of our brain vibrating as if it were a harp string, and so evokes a note from the sounding-board of the soul. No matter how skilful, how inspired the artist's hand, the sound it awakes depends on the quality of the strings within ourselves."

We have here one of the most succinct definitions, not merely of literature, but of every art. We can only be moved in direct proportion to our capacity for feeling emotion. The richest grain cannot fructify in barren soil. The logical conclusion is that those who are incapable of realising that cinematography has been the means of giving birth to a very potent art must have the imaginative faculty singularly lacking. As Miss Betty Balfour has so aptly remarked, the cinema is, *par excellence*, "an art of suggestion," and what is the mission of any art if not suggestion? The oft-quoted dictum attributed to the late Mr. W. D. Howells that "the screen can do anything except convince the taste and console the spirit," means no more than that its author was probably burdened by an unresponsive temperament. No one denies that music is an art, yet there have been eminently clever men to

whom the finest music was either an empty sound or an obnoxious noise. For nine persons out of ten a museum or picture gallery is like a house of the dead. The tenth, or the hundredth, or the thousandth visitor may feel his senses ravished, his faculties stimulated, his will fortified to emulate some master-mind of the past. Thus, even from the lowest utilitarian standpoint, will the museum or the picture gallery have repaid the State its cost a hundredfold.

Another important grievance against the picture play is that it ventures to compete with the spoken drama. Why should it not? In its early days most actors of the legitimate stage boycotted the screen altogether. Sarah Bernhardt, with her far-reaching vision and intuitive mind, was the first to evince in it a practical interest, which led her to give it her support by personally assisting in the creation of several dramas, the most striking of which was *Queen Elizabeth*, shown in London shortly after the death of the great actress. At present there are few actors of any note in any country who have not tried their skill on the screen. Some have succeeded, and some, among the best, have failed. With a few exceptions they have all confessed that the silent drama necessitates infinitely more subtle acting than the stage, for the simple reason that, the magic of voice and verb being entirely absent, all the brunt of expression falls on the ability to convey action and suggest speech and emotion by the restricted means of mimicry and facial expression. If this is not art what is?

We have envisaged the cinema merely in its *rôle* as an entertainer. To dwell on its other manifold missions would lead into developments too lengthy for inclusion here.

J'Accuse :

The Dramatists *v.* Civilisation

Back to Methuselah. By Bernard Shaw (Court).
The Forest. By John Galsworthy (St. Martin's).

In an earlier article in these columns I endeavoured to establish a category of modernism which depended upon the breadth of the dramatist's theme and the unit of human society with which it dealt, pointing out that the crux in human affairs brought about by the war, its challenge to the efficacy of human institutions which we had long considered inviolate, its revelation of the precarious thinness of the veneer of civilisation, had set thinking people—the dramatists among them—examining old values in the light of new facts. Many of these old values endure such examination; others have lost their meaning in the face of a decade of death, famine, and financial chaos. Those of us who face the problems of our time would probably disagree as to which are proved false and which remain true, measuring as we must with the diverse mentalities accorded us; and probably in the universal scheme of human evolution urging matters wisely forwards, or as wisely retarding a too swift advance in a ratio which transcends the laws of chance.

Tempting as such metaphysical speculation is, my business as dramatic critic does not countenance it, and I introduce it only because, believing the theatre to be preeminently the social art, I hold that it should reflect the most profound currents of the thought-life of its time; and if the intelligent post-war mentality is concerning itself with this business of examining civilisation and civilised institutions, then the dramatists whose work is to record and influence this period must be concerned with such themes. The theatre of post-prandial divertisement doubtless has its place as a bromide to our overwrought urban existence, but only the essentially flapper-minded can regard that as ultimately fulfilling its great function.

It is interesting that the two men who in their different ways may be said to be England's foremost dramatists

should each be represented in London contemporaneously with plays which concern themselves with this examination of the very constitution of human society. Shaw and Galsworthy *versus* civilisation as we know it.

It is not my purpose nor business to adjudicate on the issues raised; my interest and happiness is that they *are* raised: that the stage problem of Shaw's *Methuselah* Cycle should be, not the personal sex entanglement of three or four people, but the cosmic evolution of life and the salvation of the human race from disasters which he believes to be imminent by a force which he believes to be potent; and again, that the stage problem of Galsworthy's *The Forest* should be the whole matter of competitive society, presented for our examination under the guise of a city group and an African expedition through the forest where nature and cannibal man supplement and symbolise his theme. These are big ideas; stuff for adult intelligences. Their authors may be wrong in their premises, wrong in their deductions, wrong in their conclusions, but they *are* arguing. The Lamarckian doctrine that desire creates will and will creates the organism desired, upon which Shaw bases his plea for a conscious extension of the period of human life, may be philosophically, physically, psychologically, and scientifically unsound, but its presentation on the stage at least assumes that we are intelligent enough to be interested in its validity and potential consequences. Galsworthy's analysis and presentation of the forces which combine to press mankind through the jungle of twentieth century life may be mistaken, but he pays his audience the compliment of expecting them to be concerned with the constitution of the society of which they form part. It is something to find dramatists who believe you are above being kept quiet with a story or amused with a picture.

I do not propose to deal in any detail with the Shaw play, because the Birmingham Repertory Company, believing it more essential to keep the theatre vital than to succumb to the financial temptation of long runs, determinedly limit the production of each play, and although they may revive *Methuselah*, its run is ended for the time being. It fitly inaugurated the appearance of these artists and enthusiasts in their London home, and anyone who loves the best things in the English theatre should watch

carefully the announcements of the Court under this management, or, better still, go to see everything they put on, in the surety of its being good and the chance of its being excellent. *Methuselah* in their hands was a noteworthy production. They invariably achieve a unity in their acting and an intelligence in their production which ensure the presentation of their plays. Add to these advantages that of having Paul Shelving as their scene and costume designer, and it stands that Shaw's play was well treated.

The Cycle is the ultimate of his method. Of physical action there is little; people come and go, cross the stage, stand or sit; but always they talk, and out of the clash and parry of ideas Shaw builds his drama and dramatic conflict. Action is thus sublimated. All the movement, surprise, suspense, conflict, climax which we get elsewhere in action he gives us in intellectual ideas. Of characterisation in the usual sense there is little, since his people are the spokesmen of ideas or ideas incarnate. He is about as interested now in individuals as his Life Force may be presumed to be. One fears he may have already numbered individual personality among the sins of the flesh in that terribly puritanical soul of his, and that he would now be as disinterested in the creation of his own Candida as one of his three-century-old she-ancients in a powder-puff. He still, however, has one adorable link with our common clay—his wit. *Methuselah* kept its audience in roars of mirth. The Burge-Lubin satire, the record of the end of the Irish race when they ceased to function as the most martyred nation, the thousand surely-sped shafts against human and national foibles, make it one of Shaw's wittiest plays, just as the continual plea for an adult-minded race to carry on world evolution makes it one of his most earnest. If it fell short of its serious purpose it was because Shaw, being Irish, cannot help being witty, and we, being English, cannot help preferring an epigram to a jeremiad.

Curiously also, Galsworthy in another direction tells his earthly story so well that we may miss its heavenly meaning. *The Forest* through its five middle scenes is a stage thriller. One follows breathlessly the adventures of the expedition through the African forest (magnificently designed, be it said, by George Harris), follows the pas-

sionate love of the half-caste girl Amina, played with something akin to genius by Hermione Baddeley, or watches Leslie Banks' superlative acting of the strong-man leader of the expedition. There are cannibals and intrigues and fights and the beating of tom-toms, and ever the poisonous green forest to create atmosphere: a splendidly told story enough. With so much more. If it were only a story, the charge so undiscerningly levelled against Galsworthy of having written disconnectedly, of disunity between the lurid middle and the rest, might be sustained. But he has proved himself long since a master of this literary counterpoint, and only the tired brains of critics would have forgotten *Fraternity*, to name but one of the novels built on this technique. In *The Forest* it is brilliantly used; the dialogue ceaselessly interweaves the strands between the two parts, the characters echo and hark back between the group of desperate men pushing through the African jungle and those others in the thicket of city life. Right at the opening of the play the North Country idealist draws the comparison that at least should supply the clue to the closely written, subtle dialogue and the theme.

Galsworthy's impeachment is the more telling because it is stated without bitterness or passion. These city people are all, in a way, idealists; these jungle people are all, in a way, right. Even Adrian Bastable, the shady financier, is the strong man playing the dangerous game more from habit than villainy; even John Strood, flaying and shooting his way through the forest, echoes that characterisation. The rest are ninety per cent. idealists playing unwittingly the jungle game. Galsworthy hates what he holds to be wrong and not the wrong-doer; he states without bitterness, he portrays without passion. In *The Forest* he has challenged civilisation not merely in the details of its manipulation, but in its broadest bearings upon human progress.

Do we agree; do we disagree? It is not my business as critic to argue about the case either of Galsworthy's play or Shaw's Cycle, but only to welcome to the English stage two magnificent pieces of dramatic technique, and the statement of great problems by minds which are at least responsive to the issues of the times.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

Gossip of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. By John Beresford. R. Cobden Sanderson. 8*s*. 6*d*. net.

Mr. Beresford's intimate researches take the reader no further into the eighteenth century than the reign of Queen Anne, whilst they begin, significantly enough, with the story of Charles the First's trial and execution, so, except for a gracious final paper on Holy Mr. Herbert to sweeten its end, the collection consists mainly of close glimpses of Stuart times, seen through the eyes of contemporaries—those folk whose "periwigged phrases" give such penetrating charm to bare facts. The opening paper is made especially significant by Mr. Beresford's dispassionate commentary, in which he traces our enduring Constitution to the fusion of Royalist and Roundhead ideals, but his sagacious presentation of fact is admirably analytical throughout, whilst his selection of the Younger Donne, of Anne Hyde, and the Derbyshire Copes as contributors to this lively and familiar side of history, brings completeness and continuity to the stream of social and political incidents, giving an almost microscopic view of singularly interesting happenings. Restoration manners come out strongly in Anne Hyde's remarkable story, whilst Marlborough's campaigns are reflected in the Copes Correspondence in a light which a nation of veterans will enjoy. The married love letters of Sir Thomas and Lady Mary Cope are fresh and delightful. Sidelights upon history well found, well told, and well illustrated from fine portraits.

Woodcuts and Some Words. By Edward Gordon Craig. Dent. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Craig has given us a delightful book, and amazingly inexpensive. Not only does it contain sixty reproductions of woodcuts—showing his development from the cuts of 1898 to the beautiful Lear design which we saw recently at the St. George's Gallery—but it has chapters on woodblock history and craftsmanship, on art and art theory, on everything and nothing, written with Gordon Craig's inimitable artlessness.

The prose is interwoven with that humorous egotism which makes one hear Craig talking as one reads, and his sidelights on life, people, art, and particularly on the theatre, add further fascination to a volume already bountiful. Personality: that is their keynote. Perhaps that is the real secret of art. Certainly it makes vivid the "words" of this volume, whether they be the memorable picture of the old woodblock renovator of Red Lion Court, or a practical demonstration of the use of the graver; and, allied to Craig's draughtsmanship and technique in the woodcuts, it gives us his secret as an artist. A charming book.

H. S.

THE DUAL MANDATE IN BRITISH TROPICAL AFRICA. By SIR F. D. LUGARD. William Blackwood. 42*s*. net.

THIS revised edition of Sir Frederick Lugard's great book on government concludes with a counterblast to the contention of the Labour Research Department that Africa has been exploited by groups of financiers and capitalists from motives of "common greed," but indeed the whole book is a sufficient reply to the "profiteer" bogey. We are told in great detail the story of our tropical possessions, concurrently with that of other mandatory powers, and given a complete insight into the terms and forms of government and the underlying principles which inspire them. It is this side of the picture to which this exhaustive work is in the main devoted—the splendid trusteeship which lies at the root of British rule of subject races—the scrupulous care taken in avoiding offence to native custom or tradition—the gentlemanliness of the ruler's ideals, his absence of self-interest, and his devotion to the cause of true civilisation—those things for which the devoted and intelligent British official really does stand, and by which he wins the loyalty and devotion of his charges. The other side of the picture looms too large in the experience of Labourites, perhaps in the minds of most of us; so, when a distinguished administrator gives us the whole theory and practice of government in tropical Africa, its aims and achievements, difficulties and triumphs, in a categorical and exhaustive volume, the most prejudiced must grant that, in spite of the self-interested intervener, the balance for good is overwhelming. This is the sort of book which no school library should be without, for it is the history of the Empire in the making. Tropical Africa supplies us with so much that is essential to manufacture and to the arts of civilisation, and it presents so much of opportunity for our sons, that, for these reasons alone, this book is useful and timely; but to the world at large our dealings with the coloured millions of emerging people, and the trend which justice, example, and good faith may give to their future, is the greatest interest of all; and it is to this great end that this book is chiefly devoted. Just government springing from a real sense of responsibility has emerged from the story of "Hinterlands," "Spheres of Influence," "Chartered Companies," and all the progressive moves in a colossal scramble, thanks to something inherently decent in our conception of the Empire's style, and thanks to such officials as the distinguished author of this most valuable and enlightening book.

ON LIFE AND LETTERS (FOURTH SERIES). ANATOLE FRANCE. John Lane. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

THIS latest volume of—shall we say divagations or expatiations?—upon men and women of letters, personalities, and subjects thrown up by contemporary thought, might be called literary criticisms, had not the master, in his delightful preface, disclaimed the slightest right to be a critic. He says:—"I am not in the very least a critic. I am quite incapable of working the threshing-machines into which skilful persons throw the literary harvest in order to divide the grain from the chaff." It is true he never divides the grain from the chaff, in

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the double sense of this latter word. He will have nothing to do with æsthetics or set systems of any kind, and this is the simple secret of his power to show us men and things, reflected from the polished mirror of his soul, without prejudice or distortion, and how beautifully lit! From the elevation of his great age he can recall for us glimpses of great personalities in their habit as they lived; for this deep scholar is before all humanist, one to whom men are books and not books men. This is the reason that we can never have enough of him; his love of life and of the human adventure; his tolerant tenderness; and the kindliness of his ironic wit. It does not matter much about whom or what he writes. He gives in this volume three historical portraits—Cæsar Borgia, Cleopatra, and the Emperor Julian—and a number of pictures of people still living or recently dead. He talks about mysticism and science, about literary plagiarism, the subject, or the personality, of the moment; and we ask nothing better, nor better English than that of Mr. Bernard Miall, or better production than this wonderful edition of Mr. John Lane's; we only ask for more.

FICTION.

LUMMOX. By FANNIE HURST. Jonathan Cape. 7*s.* 6*d.*

THIS is an extraordinary book, new style, which may well mark a stage in the technique of the novel. It deals with the life of a "char" in America, and, incidentally, presents a portrait gallery of types told with an impressionist realism which flickers and scintillates like a flame. The author is obviously Jewish. She has a terrible gift of swift, bitter portrayal, and flicks off a scene or a person with a pen of vitriol. In places the book is epic in its fierce force. She lashes at her people, and strips them bare. Her power of mordant word-painting is uncanny, though her grammar and use of words are open to legitimate criticism. One wonders what Ruskin would have said to such break-neck violation of canons of structure and phraseology. None the less the thing is vital and dramatic. This theme is sheer tragedy. The raciness and verve of the book are tremendous. It may be that this will be the new technique. She hits all the time, and touches upon all shades of "Bowery" life, without question. This is a novel of singular power, new in form, new in the glittering brutality of its conception. The librarian who refuses to circulate it here ought to be pilloried. Certainly, no recent novel shows such astonishing audacity or approaches it in human interest. Its moral is terrific. It is, from start to finish, an amazing literary feat, as rapid and strident as Carlyle.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

WALTER DE LA MARE. By R. L. MEGROZ. Hodder and Stoughton. 7*s.* 6*d.*

MR. MEGROZ is fortunate in his subject. De la Mare's poetry is justly popular among a large class whose general reading scarcely touches poetry, save with one or two writers, such as Drinkwater, Rupert Brooke, and De la Mare himself; they will welcome, therefore, this

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volume which sets out frankly to help their appreciation and to justify their instinct. Also Mr. Megroz is aided by his personal acquaintance with the poet, so that he is able to record certain facts authoritatively, and by the courage of his own critical convictions, which seldom allow for half-tones. This type of criticism has its own merits, though cool judgment be not one of them, and most even of those of us who admire De la Mare will be found worshipping him very far " this side idolatry " such as Mr. Megroz's. The book is provocative in relating De la Mare's dream poetry to certain of the latest theories of psychology and psycho-analysis, an interesting field of speculation not very convincingly worked in this volume. Perhaps the chief trouble throughout is a certain formlessness and lack of design in the book, but against this one has to place a mass of interesting and informative matter on a fascinating and not over-worked subject.

THE DANCE OF LIFE. A Play in Nine Scenes by HERMON OULD. Ernest Benn. Paper, 3*s.* 6*d.*; boards, 5*s.*

IT ought to be true that Mr. Ould is to publish a collection of his plays under the title *Plays for Posterity*. Not that there is any reason why this play should not find its place immediately on the stage, except that in the theatre where three acts are *de rigueur* nine scenes would be

artistic anarchy. The fact that they are inexpensive scenes, easily realisable in any tolerably equipped theatre, will scarcely forgive the innovation. It stamps the play as new; new=expressionist; expressionist="above the heads of the public"; *ergo* . . . . Let it therefore be stated that only for a few moments of its progress could Mr. Ould's play possibly be called "expressionist," since it deals with a few quite real people, carefully characterised; and particularly with a young man and woman of our own bewildered generation who ask and solve the problem, "Is life worth living?" Its sane solution is reached through the experience of facing facts rather than shirking them, and Mr. Ould takes his people through strange places and strange meetings in the search. The fact that he links the realities of a drawing-room, a studio, a Cockney kitchen, a prison cell, and a country cottage through which his creations move, by unreal or half-real scenes wherein his own poet's imagination consciously illuminates the theme, in a delightful merging of realism, symbolism, satire, pathos, philosophy, and humour, recalls *Peer Gynt* rather than anything else in dramatic literature. I am sure that when the theatre gets away from drawing-room realism to a drama which brings beauty and imagination to bear upon life, it will turn to such plays as this. In the meantime, students of the changing dramatic forms should take care to possess *The Dance of Life*.

Correspondence

From Democracy to Socialism

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In your February number you were good enough to publish a letter of mine in which I outlined some ideas for increasing the efficiency of our system of government.

Though so short a time has elapsed, affairs have moved fast, and the situation is now similar to that in France in 1793. The Girondins and our Liberals are much in the same position, and the Jacobins are well represented by our Socialists.

It is no longer a question of what form of Government is desirable, but rather it has to be considered what action can be taken to bring about stable government without passing through a period of bankruptcy, anarchy, and famine.

Our best hope lies in the six million abstainers at the last election. It may reasonably be held that at least half of them abstained because they did not care to support any of the contending parties. These votes, together with those of the Conservatives, would make things safe, especially as an honest programme would obtain some Liberal votes.

I cannot hide from myself that nothing less than a complete change of leaders and a reversion to the principles of Conservative Government will obtain for that party sufficient support to save the country.

To begin with, the Conservative party has to bear the sins of the

Coalition, for Conservative support alone kept that Ministry in power. It simplifies my argument to refer to this now, for, though the Coalition won the war, their methods during the war and their action after the war threw away the results of victory.

Conservatives would do well to give up talking about Protection; the country has definitely said that it does not want it. The Unions of the railwaymen, miners, and building trades have natural protection and have given us striking examples of what may be expected from protected industries. The excessive wages obtained by these workmen have been no small cause of unemployment.

The Conservatives have been bidding for the Trades Union vote. They have not got it and they have lost the votes of the workmen who object to the growing tyranny of the Unions. These last are no small number, as I know personally from former experience in anti-Socialist Union campaigns.

Let the Conservatives lay themselves out to protect the British workman by keeping out and turning out the aliens and Southern Irish who are not of our race, have not fought for us, and have shown that they hate us. These parasites swarm in some districts, and their removal will do much for unemployment and will ease the house question. The Labour party will not approve of this action; they will lose members and money. It is well to carry the war into the enemy's country.

On the housing question the Conservatives would do well to denounce control. It is radically bad and has brought building to a standstill. In supporting it politicians have been sacrificing the welfare of the State to party interests and have gained nothing, for all parties were unscrupulous enough to take up the idea.

The cost of education is passing all bounds, and Conservatives would do well to oppose the wild increase of expenditure which the teachers hope to get out of the Labour Government. The Teachers' Union is reeking with Socialism, and many schools are simply schools for Socialism. The experience of the United States recruiting during the war was that only 5 per cent. of the recruits had brains fit to benefit by secondary education. Here we are educating swarms of non-producers who will find no jobs except the "dole."

Yours obediently,

Achalader. J. C. L. CAMPBELL.

Welsh Local Option

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to the following reference in a note on the Welsh Local Option Bill in the March issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW:—

> "The Rev. Henry Carter is one of the most active members of the so-called 'Temperance Council of the Christian Churches,' a self-elected body as to the constitution and objects of which the members of those Churches have never been consulted. Speaking at Newton Abbot on May 30th, 1922, Mr. Carter coolly announced

that ' the Churches would accept the burden of temperance reform as a solemn responsibility,' and that ' it would lead to Prohibition in this country, as in America, in this generation.'

"Our columns are open to Mr. Carter, who is a persistent and ingenious wriggler, to deny this statement if he can."

1.—I have denied in *The Times* and a number of other journals that I made at Newton Abbot any such statement as that attributed to me. I am unaware of the journalistic authority for the statement, which has appeared in various forms. The National Temperance Campaign now in progress under the auspices of the Temperance Council of the Christian Churches had not been resolved upon in May, 1922; neither I nor anyone else could at that time have affirmed that "the Churches would accept the burden of Temperance Reform as a solemn responsibility."

Whether our country will or will not ultimately accept a Prohibition policy is obviously beyond the knowledge of any public man. I have never said that the work of the Churches "would lead to Prohibition in this country, as in America, in this generation." It is time that this silly fiction was withdrawn.

2.—It is equally inaccurate to speak of the Temperance Council of the Christian Churches as "a self-elected body." The Council is an official federation of the Temperance Committees or Executives of the fourteen largest Christian denominations in England and Wales. It derives its authority from the fact that each of these Church Temperance Executives nominates eight members to the Council. Each point of the Council's legislative programme has been formally endorsed by all the fourteen Executives which the Council officially represents.

Yours faithfully, HENRY CARTER.

[The statement which we attributed to Mr. Carter was reported in *The Newton Abbot Gazette* of June 2nd, 1922. Although Mr. Carter professes to be unaware of the "journalistic authority for the statement," he has previously been referred to it, after the denials he mentions, and has so far chosen to ignore it.—ED., "E.R."]

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